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261-0 f. 101.





Those lips are thine ; thy own sweet smile I see
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me ;

THE
YOUNG SCHOLAR'S GUIDE

A BOOK FOR THE TRAINING OF YOUTH.

BY

REV. ROBERT DEMAUS, M.A.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, ETC.



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This Little Work

HAVING BEEN SUGGESTED BY
THE REV. THOMAS GUTHRIE, D.D.
KNOWN TO THE WORLD BY HIS
BENEVOLENT AND SUCCESSFUL EXERTIONS IN
THE TRAINING OF YOUTH,
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HIM
BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

It is the belief of not a few of those most deeply interested in the education of the young, that on the system at present pursued in most schools, the storing of the intellect has become the sole object of the teacher's care, and that any attempt to form the habits or cultivate the feelings of the pupils would be considered a culpable, or, at least, a useless waste of time. The text books in use are of course adapted to the system that is in highest estimation, and a glance at their contents, which are almost exclusively scientific, will shew that they are not likely to remedy the

defect complained of. It was a sense of this deficiency of teaching addressed to the heart and feelings which suggested the compilation of the present work ; and it will be the highest gratification of the distinguished philanthropist who suggested the work, as of the author who has prepared it, to know that in any way it has contributed to effect the purpose for which it is designed.

The author has freely employed the labours of others when they fell in with his plans, care having, of course, been taken to acknowledge his obligations ; and it will be understood, that for those pieces which have no name attached, he is himself responsible.

CONTENTS.



	Page
The Ungrateful Son	1
Duty to Parents	7
Lines on a Mother's Picture . .	12
How to Behave in School . . .	15
William and Peter, or the Attentive and the Idle Scholar—Part I. . . .	21
Part II. . . .	24
On Truthfulness	29
The Difference between a Liar and a Boy of Truth	35
The Village School (One Hundred Years ago)	42
Visit to a Village School . . .	43
Abiding Love for our School . .	51

	Page
Conduct to Brothers and Sisters . . .	52
Graves of a Household . . .	58
On Making a Proper Use of our Eyes .	61
The Young Guide	67
Kindness	76
The Man who Killed his Neighbours .	81
The Man who Killed his Neighbours— <i>Con-</i> <i>cluded</i>	86
Compassion	92
Self-Denial	93
Harry, or Self-Denial	98
To a Mother	104
Kindness and Self-Denial	105
Conduct in Church	108
Cheerfulness	113
Improvvidence	117
The Grasshopper and the Ant—A Fable	123
Poetical Version	124
The Whistle	125
Thoughtlessness	128
Thoughtless Kitty	133
A Mother's Address to her Sleeping Child	141

	Page
Honesty the Best Policy	143
The Two Little Merchants—Part I.	149
Part II.	155
Part III.	159
The Honest and the Dishonest Poor	166
Indolence	169
The Sluggard	174
Day-Dreaming	176
Castles in the Air	181
The Swallow and the Tortoise	185
Conceit	187
If I Were You	192
The Goose and the Swan	203
Contentment	205
The Flying Fish—A Fable	210
The Contented Peasant	212
Cruelty to Animals	216
Kindness to Animals	221
The Village Bully	222
Perseverance	229
The Boy who was Not Clever	233
When to Hold our Tongues	238

	Page
The Village Blacksmith	242
Cleanliness	245
Smith and Brown, or the Advantage of Cleanliness	249
Politeness	256
Presence of Mind	261
Presence of Mind	264

THE UNGRATEFUL SON.



IN a small town in the south of England, there lived, at the end of the last century, a respectable mason and his wife.

The father worked hard at his trade, but his wages were so small as to be little more than sufficient to supply the daily wants of his family, which consisted of two sons. The worthy parents were, however, sensible of the advantages of a good education, and they determined that, whatever it might cost them.

their eldest son, George, should be well educated. To keep him at school, they deprived themselves of many comforts which they could ill want, and his younger brother, James, was obliged to be satisfied with a very poor education. George was clever, and, what was better, industrious and attentive, and made such progress in his lessons that, after a few years, a merchant in the town took him into his office, and paid him a salary almost half as large as his father's wages. Now was the time for George to shew his parents some gratitude in return for their kindness to him. But George felt no gratitude. He knew that but for his parents he would never have received so good an education ; he had often seen his mother deny herself some article of warm clothing that would have added much to her comfort in the cold winter days ; and his father had often gone to work with less food than his hard toil required, and all to

keep him at school. But he was so selfish that he could not bear to part with his money ; he laid up most of his salary in the Savings Bank, and only gave his mother half-a-crown now and then, with the air of one who was making a mighty sacrifice. But though ungrateful, he was industrious, anxious to please his master, and careful in doing his duty ; and therefore he prospered. His master thought very highly of him, and gave him a higher salary ; and as George was economical and saved his money, he soon had a good sum of his own, and was in a few years taken as a partner in the business, and on his master's death, succeeded him in his trade, and by his great diligence and good management he became the richest man in the town.

In the meantime, the younger brother James had been taken from school when he was scarcely able to read his Bible, and had been set to work. He got but little at first for his labour ; but he loved his parents, and

was only too proud to give them his earnings. As he grew stronger he was apprenticed to his father's trade ; and while his brother was growing rich in his shop, he was toiling in all weathers hewing and squaring stones. By and bye his father became too feeble to work as usual, and James had to work to support his parents. This was a considerable burden on his small income, but he remembered that his father had long toiled for him, and his mother had watched over him ever since he was a child, and he cheerfully did his duty. And what did the wealthy George do for those whose self-denial had laid the foundation of his prosperity ? He did just as he had done before ; he gave his mother occasionally a trifling sum, though it would have been no sacrifice for him to have supported his parents in comfort all their lives. He had built for himself a beautiful villa near his native town, and all his fellow-citizens seemed to feel a sort of respect for a

man who knew so well how to get rich, yet in private every one blamed his cruel and unnatural conduct, while they praised the noble affection of his poorer brother. We may be sure that George did not act thus without being reproved by his own conscience ; he knew that he was doing wrong, and was angry with any one who spoke to him about his parents, which shewed that he was aware of his fault. One day his mother came to see him ; she thought it hard that the poor son should have all the burden of supporting his parents, and wished to get some aid from his wealthy brother. She was kept waiting for a long time before he was at leisure to speak to her ; and when he heard the errand on which she came, he rose up in a great passion, blamed her for extravagance, in not laying past money when she had any, although he knew that every penny was spent on his own education ; and after grumbling about his poverty he promised to

give his parents the large sum of half-a-crown a week. Having sent his mother away, he concluded a bargain for a new carriage, which cost £200, and in which the hard-hearted man many a time drove past the humble cottage where his aged parents found a shelter under the roof of his more dutiful brother. His pride would have been sadly mortified, had he heard what the clergyman said one evening in the Sunday school. "Dear children," said he, "never forget your duty to support your parents ; you may ride in a carriage and be the richest people in the town, but if you are ungrateful to your parents, all your wealth will only make your ingratitude the more disgraceful ; and if any misfortune should overtake you, few will pity you, none will help you, and every one will be ready to tell you that it is just what you deserve !"

DUTY TO PARENTS.

No one likes to be thought or called ungrateful. We ourselves despise any child who shews no gratitude for kindnesses which he receives, and we feel that every one ought to despise us if we should ever prove ungrateful. But we do not always remember to whom we owe the most gratitude. We think it base not to feel grateful to a stranger who may have given us a small present, or have protected us from danger ; but we sometimes forget that it is much more base for us not to feel grateful to our parents who have given us all that we have, and have been shewing us kindness every day of our lives. Nobody can do us nearly so much good as our parents have done ; and yet while we would be willing to do much to please a stranger who has once or twice been kind to us, we are sometimes not so willing to do everything to

please those parents who have so long been kind to us. No gratitude that we can shew can ever repay them for the care and anxiety which we have caused them. When we see how tenderly a mother watches over her child, how careful she is to protect it from all harm, how anxiously she tries every plan to give it pleasure, how willingly she denies herself any comfort, and endures any labour, if she may by that means increase her child's happiness ; and when sickness happens, how gently she smooths the pillow, and how affectionately she tends the sick-bed—when we see all this, and we see it every day, we feel that nothing which that child can do can be too great a return for such kindness as this. And then how cheerfully does the father go, day after day, to his labour, and how willingly does he expose himself to many hardships and much fatigue, which he might otherwise avoid, that he may be able to provide his family with food and clothes, and

everything that is necessary for their comfort.

If we thought oftener how much our parents have done for us, and how many anxious thoughts and weary hours they must have had on our account, we should feel more deeply how grateful we ought to be to them, and should be more ready to do what little lies in our power to serve them. Some parents are unkind to their children ; they give them little food ; sometimes beat them ; and turn them into the streets to steal, or beg, or starve ; and never think of sending them to school, or teaching them any trade by which they may get their living. We sometimes see these unhappy children in the streets, and while we should feel sorry for them as they shiver along in the cold with their red frost-bitten feet, their sharp hungry faces, and their tattered clothes, we should resolve that we will do cheerfully anything that may please parents who have dealt so

differently with us. So long as we are young we can do but little service to our parents. When we grow up we may be able to support them, or to make them more comfortable in their old age ; and if we fail to do this, every one will cry shame on us. We may look with admiration on some man who lives surrounded with all the splendour which wealth can procure, but if we were told that he allows his parents to remain without many of the comforts of life, our admiration would be turned into disgust. Others will form the same opinion of us, if, when we grow up and have the means of assisting our⁴ parents, we should prefer to spend our money on our own gratification. But though we can do little for our parents whilst we are young, we can do something, and we cannot shew our gratitude better than by doing cheerfully whatever they require.

We may be very sure that our parents will never ask us to do anything unless they

think it will be for our good ; and therefore we should obey them, even though we may wish to do something different from what they wish us to do. They are wiser than we are, and when they bid us do what seems to us to be troublesome or painful at the time, we may be sure that we shall be the better for it afterwards ; and when we grow up to be men and women, we shall often have cause to thank our parents for guiding us to do what was for our own benefit, when we were foolishly wishing to do what would have injured us. If we love our parents as we ought, we will always remember their commands, and will not disobey them, because we are out of their sight, and bad companions may be leading us astray. And we will not be satisfied with doing cheerfully or readily whatever they tell us to do, but without waiting for our parents to direct us, we will always try to do what we think will please them.

No child who feels any gratitude to his

parents will speak to them disrespectfully, or answer them in a saucy, impertinent way. If we were to be so proud and ungrateful as to be guilty of such conduct, we know that every one who should hear of it would form a bad opinion of us. And not only would we lose the esteem of others by being disobedient or disrespectful to our parents, we should always feel ashamed of our own conduct, and we could never expect a blessing from God, who has said in His Holy Book, "Children obey your parents;" "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

LINES ON A MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
 With me but roughly since I saw thee last.
 Those lips are thine; thy own sweet smile I see
 The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;

Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
 "Grieve not my child ; chase all thy fears away."
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it), here shines on me still the same.

My mother ! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch, even then, life's journey just begun ?
 Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—yes.
 I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 But was it such ? It was. Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more ;
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way.

14 LINES ON A MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession ! but the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum,
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed ;
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
 That humour interposed too often makes ;
 All this still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee, as my numbers may ;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

COWPER.



HOW TO BEHAVE IN SCHOOL.

WE should always endeavour to be at school at the proper time. It is almost always our own fault if we are late ; we must either have been too lazy in getting up in the morning, or have walked too slowly to school ; for our parents will very seldom detain us. If we do not enter school till the lessons are begun, we not only lose part of our lessons, but we disturb the teacher and all the other pupils, which we have no business to do. Besides,

when we are late, we cannot be present at prayers ; and this is very wrong, for it is not shewing proper respect to the good God from whom we receive every blessing. We should therefore be very careful to come early to school ; and we ought to take our proper places quietly, without making any unnecessary disturbance, remembering that all confusion will annoy the master, and is a very unsuitable preparation for an act of worship.

When it is time to begin lessons, we ought to see that our books are ready, and that we have the proper place turned up. It is a very good plan to mark the place in our books, by putting in a narrow ribbon, or even a thread, and then we can open at the right place at once. But we ought never to fold in the leaf, as this soon destroys our books. However well we may prepare our lessons at night, we shall never be able to do well in school unless we take care to attend to what is going on in our class. It is very

hard, no doubt, to sit without talking, and to be always looking on our books ; but then our parents wish us to do so, and our teachers require us to do so, and it is all for our own good as we shall find out when we grow to be men and women. It would be far less trouble for the teacher just to allow us to be as idle, and learn as little as we please ; but we should suffer by this in the end, as we should not only lose all the pleasures which can be enjoyed only by those of good education, but should be laughed at by every one for our ignorance, and should be fit for nothing but the coarsest work and the lowest station in society. We should keep this in mind when we begin to weary of attending to our lessons, and then we shall perhaps be more willing to bear a slight hardship, for after all it is no very difficult matter that we are required to do.

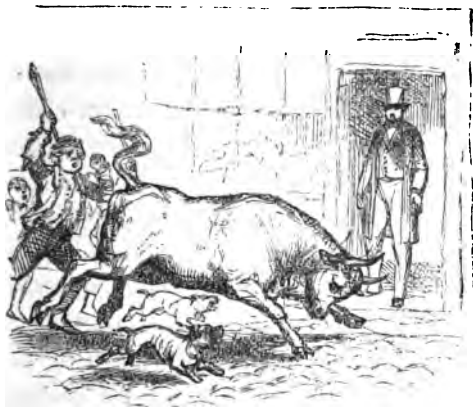
Every teacher has his own way of managing affairs in his school, and unless all the

scholars follow one system. the school will soon be filled with uproar. We must therefore be very careful to obey the master at once, and submit to his directions without any hesitation. It is very foolish conceit in us to suppose that we are wiser than the master, and it is still worse to be self-willed and disobedient. We should never contradict our teacher, or persist in saying that what we have said or done was right, if he condemns it, for we will almost always be mistaken. Sometimes, indeed, the teacher may be wrong ; he may find fault with us when we are not doing anything that deserved blame ; or he may say that we have answered incorrectly when we were in the right ; but this should not make us forget the respect that is due to him. He has many things to occupy him, and may thus occasionally make mistakes ; but if we quietly, and politely, and modestly explain matters, we shall seldom find the teacher so unreasonable as not to

listen to us patiently, and put everything to rights. Few persons have so many cares to annoy them as a teacher has ; and every scholar of good feelings will try as well as he can to keep from all noise, talking, idleness, and everything else that may give additional annoyance. Even the best tempered teachers will sometimes be ruffled ; and if they are cross, we know that carelessness is not the way to make them better.

If we really feel any respect for our teacher we will shew it at all times ; when he is absent as well as when he is present ; when he teaches himself, or when he employs an assistant to instruct us. Nothing can be a more certain proof of our want of good sense and good manners, as well as of respect to our teacher, than to take liberties when strangers come to visit the school ; to make a disturbance when the master may be called away for a few minutes from the room ; or to be insubordinate when ill-health confines

him at home. During the hours that we are at school, our teachers occupy the same place that our parents do ; and it is right that we should render to them the same obedience, cherish for them the same respect, and even feel for them part of the same love which we know we ought to shew towards our parents. If we tried to act in this manner, we should make much more progress in our lessons, we should never think it a hardship to go to school, and, when there, we should seldom give any occasion to our instructors to complain of our misconduct. If we are careless when we are young, we shall very likely remain ignorant all our lives ; and then, unless our parents are rich, we shall have a very slender chance indeed of succeeding in the world.



WILLIAM AND PETER, OR THE ATTENTIVE AND THE IDLE SCHOLAR.

A GOOD many years ago when I was a student at college, two boys used to pass the window of my little parlour every morning on their way to school. They seemed to be constant companions, though in appearance they were very unlike each other. The one of them, William Brown, was a small, delicate, timid-looking boy, with a thin white

face and sharp features, full of life and intelligence ; the other, Peter Thomson, was tall and stout, with red hair and plump cheeks, apparently good-natured, but clearly not very clever. It was easy to see which was likely to be the best scholar. William's books were always neatly fastened up in his strap, with boards at top and bottom to protect them from the rain ; Peter's, when he had any, for I am afraid he often took none with him, were carried loose in his hands, or carelessly stuffed half into his pockets ; and, as might have been expected from such treatment, were usually in a sadly tattered condition. Peter, moreover, seemed very unwilling to go to school ; he had something to say to every idle boy he met by the way, and often, after a short talk with them, down would go his books into the street, and pulling out his top or his marbles, he began a game with them, and it was with the greatest difficulty that William could get him dragged away to school. It

was curious to see, too, that when it was very wet or stormy, or when the snow was deep, William, though so thin and delicate, went to school alone ; while the strong, robust Peter was kept at home for fear of injuring his health. The two scholars passed my window so regularly that I began to feel quite an interest in them, and made some inquiries about their parents. I found that William's father was a hard-working man, with small wages, which were, however, so carefully managed by his wife that their home presented a very clean and comfortable appearance. Peter's father received much higher wages, as could easily be seen from the house, which was both larger and better furnished than the other. The chief difference, however, I saw was between the mothers of the two boys. William's mother was an active woman, with much good sense, who knew the value of a good education ; she was willing to make any sacrifice in order to

educate her son, and took great care that nothing should interfere with the proper preparation of his lessons. Peter's mother was in delicate health, often unable to leave her room, and Peter was accordingly allowed to act pretty much as he chose, and to learn his lessons just when he had a mind to do so, which he very seldom had. I was not surprised to learn that William, though only eleven, was generally at the top of his class, and was the best scholar in the school, and that Peter, though the biggest boy at school, was quite a dunce, and that the teacher was constantly annoyed by his indolence, ignorance, and inattention.

WILLIAM AND PETER.—PART II.

ONE morning in the summer season, I was standing as usual at my window watching

for the two scholars. They usually appeared at about a quarter before nine, but it was now within a few minutes of nine, and I had not yet seen them. Nine struck, and still no scholars came, but as I had made up my mind to see them, I remained at my post, and just as ten was striking they came in sight. They were dressed in their best, and knowing the custom of the place, I concluded this must be the day of the public examination at the conclusion of the session. I resolved to follow them, and found my conjecture was right. The school-room was filled with the parents of the children, and the clergyman of the parish was ready to examine the scholars. My little friend William was, I saw, dux of the school, and every one seemed delighted with his knowledge, intelligence, and attention, especially as he was the smallest boy in his class. Poor Peter, too, was very conspicuous; his thoughtless face was seen over the heads of his school-fellows, his

vacant eye never for a moment rested on his book, and his foolish answers excited the smiles of the company, and covered himself with confusion. At the conclusion of the proceedings, William received a handsome book as a reward of his industry, and the clergyman encouraged him to continue in the same career which he had so well begun. For some years I constantly saw the two scholars ; William, though his parents could ill afford it, had sent him to a higher school, where he was equally diligent, and of course equally successful. Peter was at home idle ; his mother did not care about sending him to learn a trade, and as he had no pleasure in reading, he spent his time in playing himself ; and often in the evening, when at my studies, was I disturbed by the noise which he and a troop of idle boys, his companions, made under my windows in the course of their unruly amusements.

On finishing my studies I left the town,

and only revisited it a few days ago. It was the market-day, and while walking along the street in which I formerly resided, and which was in the neighbourhood of the cattle-market, my thoughts naturally turned to former days, and especially to my old acquaintances Peter and William. My meditations were somewhat rudely disturbed by a bullock which, escaping from the adjacent market, was rushing furiously along the street, pursued by a drover, two dogs, and a crowd of idle lads. To escape from the animal, I stood in a doorway, and allowed the mob to run past ; but what was my surprise when I recognized in the drover, as he rushed on, brandishing a huge stick, and bellowing at the top of his voice, the well-known features of my old friend Peter ! There was no mistaking the long red hair, the round ruddy cheeks, and the thoughtless good-natured face ; and his greasy coat, his calf-skin vest, and his general appearance, made it quite

plain that his idle habits had reduced him to the low profession of a drover. And what, thought I, has become of William? He surely will have come to something better than his idle schoolfellow. I found out all about him in the afternoon. I was walking with a friend, when quite unexpectedly we met William coming out of a bookseller's shop. He was dressed as a clergyman; and my friend, who knew him, at once gratified my curiosity. "That," said he, "is our new clergyman; he has just come from the university, where he made a great figure; and though he has been but a short time with us, he is very highly respected. You can hear him preach if you stay till Sunday." I determined, when I returned home, to tell my boys what I had seen, and I hope they will learn from it to be attentive to their lessons,



ON TRUTHFULNESS.

EVERYBODY is so well convinced that it is not only wrong and sinful, but foolish and cowardly to say what is untrue, that it is quite surprising that falsehoods should be so very common in the world. We know that if we tell a lie in order to hide a fault, or to screen ourselves from punishment, we are almost certain to be detected, and then we shall be covered with shame, and lose far more than any false-

hood can ever gain for us. If we leave the truth, it is hardly possible to make up a false story which will not, to our confusion, be found out some time or other. "A liar has need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another. But truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out ; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware ; whereas a lie is troublesome, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good." It is therefore always the wisest plan, when we are accused of a fault, to tell the truth and confess at once. This may indeed sometimes expose us to punishment ; but if we have really done wrong, we know that we deserve to be punished. And if, out of fear, we are cowardly enough to tell a lie, we may escape at the time, but our conscience will annoy us, and we shall live in constant dread of our falsehood being found out, and our being sub-

jected to double punishment. And it is not only the punishment that we ought to fear ; if we are found out telling a lie, then we lose our good character, our parents and teachers can no longer trust us, we will not even be readily believed when we mean to speak the truth ; and it may be years before we regain the good opinion of those who have once found us out in a falsehood. If, therefore, we wish to be esteemed and trusted by others, we will be very careful never to depart in the least from the truth.

Besides, we know that falsehood seldom remains single ; we begin with one little lie to save us from punishment, and immediately we need to add another to hide the first, and then a third to cover the second, and so on till we end with a long string of falsehoods. It is just like rolling a stone down a hill ; a very slight push may set it agoing, but it is hardly possible to stop it. So we shall find it with telling falsehoods ; if we once begin we shall

find it difficult to stop ; and the further we go, the more likely it is that we shall be found out. This, therefore, should be another strong reason for keeping by the truth. But further, lying is very apt to become a habit if it be indulged, just like any other bad practice ; and then, even when we wish to speak the truth, we shall find this bad habit leading us to say what is untrue, almost in spite of ourselves. We know that it is difficult to cure a bad habit, and that the best plan is to try not to form any bad habits ; and this should therefore be another reason for our always keeping by the truth.

Nor must we forget the strongest of all reasons. We may deceive our parents, and cheat our teachers, by telling a falsehood, but we can never deceive God ; and He has told us that we must speak the truth to each other, and that He will at last dreadfully punish all liars. We read in our Bibles how Ananias and Sapphira were struck down

dead for telling a lie ; and though we do not see this happen now-a-days, yet God sees us still, and will assuredly punish us some time or other if we indulge in falsehood.

And it is not enough to keep from saying what we know to be false, we must avoid everything that looks like a lie. If we pretend to be friendly with any one whom we do not like, as Judas did with Christ when he kissed him in the garden, we are acting falsely. If we should put a stranger on the wrong road, we are guilty of falsehood, though we may not have spoken a word. If we speak as if we agreed with what any one says, when we do not agree, then we are acting falsely, and are, besides, learning to be hypocrites. And we are equally guilty if, when we tell the truth to any one, and see that he has not understood us rightly, we allow him to continue in his mistake, because it may be of some service to us. What some people call *white* lies, that is falsehoods

uttered with the view of doing good, are just as bad as any other ; nay, in some respects they are worse, for how can we expect to do any good by the help of falsehood ? We must also be on our guard against boasting and exaggeration, for there is nothing more certain to lead us into falsehood than such practices. If we once begin to boast, to try to make ourselves greater than our school-fellows, we are almost certain to say something that is untrue in order to bear out our pretensions ; and we may acquire such a habit of exaggerating that no one will be able to rely on us.

The following story will shew how little profit there frequently is in telling falsehoods.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A LIAR AND A BOY OF TRUTH.

"COME," said Robert to Frank, "there is Trusty lying beside the fire asleep; let us go and waken him and he will play with us." "O yes, do let us," said Frank. So they both ran together towards the hearth, to waken the dog. Now there was a basin of milk standing upon the hearth, and the little boys did not see whereabouts it stood. As they were playing with the dog, they kicked it with their feet, and threw it down; and the basin broke, and all the milk ran out; and when the little boys saw what they had done, they were very sorry and frightened. Robert spoke first.

"So we shall have no milk for supper to-night," said he, and sighed.

"No milk for supper! why not?" said Frank, "is there no milk in the house?"

"Yes ; but we shall have none of it ; for do not you remember, last Monday, when we threw down the milk, mother said we were very careless, and that the next time we did so we should have no milk for supper."

"Well, then," said Frank, "we must do without it, that's all ; we will take more care another time ; come, let's run and tell mother. You know she bid us always tell her directly when we broke anything."

"I will come just now," said Robert ; "don't be in such a hurry, Frank ; can't you stay a minute ?"

So Frank staid ; and then he said, "Come now, Robert."

But Robert answered, "stay a little longer, for I dare not go yet. I am afraid." But the longer he staid, the more unwilling he was to go to tell his mother that he had thrown the milk down ; and at last Frank went without him in search of his mother. Now, whilst Frank was gone, Robert was

left in the room by himself; and all the while he was alone he was thinking of some excuses to make to his mother. He said to himself, "If Frank and I both were to say that we did not throw down the basin, she would believe us, and we should have milk for supper! I am very sorry Frank *would* go to tell her about it." Just as he said this to himself, he heard his mother coming down stairs. "Oho," said he to himself "and so Frank has not met her, and cannot have told her; so I may say what I please." Then this cowardly boy determined to tell his mother a lie. She came into the room; but when she saw the broken basin and the milk spilled, she stopped short and cried, "So, so, what a piece of work is here; who did this, Robert?"

"I don't know, ma'am," said Robert, in a very low voice.

"You don't know, Robert! tell me the truth; I shall not be angry with you; I

would rather have you break all the basins I have than tell one lie ; I ask you, Robert, did you break the basin ?”

“ No, ma’am I did not,” said Robert, and he coloured as red as fire.

“ Then, where’s Frank ; did he do it ?”

“ No, mother, he did not,” said Robert ; for he was in hopes that when Frank came in, he should persuade him to say that he did not do it.

“ How do you know,” said his mother, “ that Frank did not do it ?”

“ Because — because — because, ma’am,” said Robert, hesitating as liars do for an excuse, “ because I was in the room all the time, and I did not see him do it.”

“ Then, how was the basin thrown down ? if you have been in the room all the time, you can tell.”

Then Robert, going on from one lie to another, answered, “ I suppose the dog must have done it.”

"Did you see him do it?" said his mother.

"Yes," said this wicked boy.

"Trusty, Trusty," said his mother, turning round, "fie, fie, Trusty; get me a switch out of the garden, Robert; Trusty must be beat for this."

Robert ran for the switch, and in the garden he met his brother; he stopped him, and told him in a great hurry all that he had said to his mother, and begged of him not to tell the truth, but to say the same that he had done. "No, I will not tell a lie," said Frank, "what! is Trusty to be beat? He did not throw down the milk, and he shan't be beat for it. Let me go to my mother." They both ran towards the house. Robert got first home, and he locked the house-door, that Frank might not come in. He gave the switch to his mother. Poor Trusty, he looked up as the switch was lifted over his head, but *he* could not speak to tell the truth. Just as the blow was falling upon him, Frank's

voice was heard at the window. "Stop, stop ! dear mother, stop !" cried he, as loud as ever he could call, "Trusty did not do it ; I and Robert did it ; but don't beat Robert ?"

"Let us in, let us in," cried another voice, which Robert knew to be his father's ; for his father always whipped him when he told a lie. His mother went to the door and unlocked it.

"What's all this ?" cried his father as he came in ; so his mother told him all that had happened. "Where is the switch with which you were going to beat Trusty ?" said their father. Then Robert, who saw by his father's looks that he was going to beat him, fell upon his knees, and cried for mercy, saying, "Forgive me this time, and I will never tell a lie again." But his father caught hold of him by the arm. "I will whip you now," said he, "and then I hope you will not." So Robert was whipped, till he cried so loud that the whole neighbourhood could hear him.

“There,” said his father, when he had done, “now go without supper ; you are to have no milk to-night, and you have been whipped ; you see how liars are served.” Then turning to Frank, “Come here and shake hands with me, Frank ; you will have no milk for supper, but that does not signify, you have told the truth, and have not been whipped, and everybody is pleased with you. And now I’ll tell you what I will do for you ; I will give you the little dog Trusty to be your own dog ; you have saved him a beating, and I’ll answer for it you’ll be a good master to him. To-morrow I’ll go to the brazier’s and get a new collar made for him. From this day forward he shall be called after you, Frank. And, wife, whenever any of the neighbours’ children ask you why the dog Trusty is to be called Frank, tell them this story of our two boys, and let them know the difference between a liar and a boy of truth.”

MISS EDGEWORTH.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL

(ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO).

BESIDE yon straggling fence, that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he:
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew,
'T was certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame ; the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

GOLDSMITH.

VISIT TO A VILLAGE SCHOOL.

SOME years ago I happened to spend a short time in a pleasant village in the south of Scotland. I arrived late in the evening, and my engagements required me to leave shortly after noon ; but I resolved to avail myself of the few hours I had to spare, and see as much as I could of the beauties of the place. The village I found consisted mainly of two streets running at right angles to each other. In front lay the village green, bounded on two sides by the streets, and on the third by the turnpike road, which swept obliquely across. The

houses, varying in size, were overgrown with roses, and were separated from the street by a little plot of garden-ground filled with flowers, and evidently cultivated with care. As I passed one of the neatest of the houses



a tidy little girl came out, tying up a beautiful nosegay, which she had apparently just culled from her garden. She had a bag on her arm, which I supposed to contain her

school books ; and as she turned off in a direction to which I saw some other children advancing, I concluded that she was going to school, and determined to follow her.

“Do you take flowers to school?” I said, when I overtook her.

“It’s for the master, sir,” she answered, “he is very fond of flowers, and when we have anything nice in our gardens, we always take some to him.”

“That’s right,” said I, “I am glad to see that you are so fond of your teacher ; I am afraid this is not the case everywhere.”

“Ah, sir,” she said, “we all love our teacher, and it would be a shame to us if we did not, for he is so kind to us.”

By this time we had reached the school. Like the other houses it had a garden in front, and was overgrown with flowers ; and I could not help contrasting its pleasant and cheerful appearance with the dingy, repulsive air usual in such buildings. A side

entrance led into the playground, where a number of boys and girls were scampering about in the gaiety of their hearts. The teacher was doing some little work in his garden, assisted by a few of the bigger boys, whose happy faces shewed the pleasure that they felt in being able to render him any service. I requested permission to remain in school a short time, which was at once cordially granted. Just as he had finished speaking the church clock struck nine ; and at the first toll of the bell the children arranged themselves in order, the boys and girls taking opposite sides of the playground, and being marshalled in their places by the pupil-teachers. A minute after, the school bell rang, and the girls disappeared into the school, followed in regular order by the boys. When I went in with the teacher, the classes were all in their proper places, and each scholar had his Bible in his hand, ready to take a part in the religious exercises with

which the labours of the day commenced. Two verses of a psalm were sung, and all stood up to prayer. Though a stranger was present, there was scarcely any staring about, except on the part of the youngest pupils ; all were quiet, and bore the appearance of devotion ; and at the conclusion of the teacher's brief prayer, joined him in repeating the Lord's Prayer. This service ended, the younger classes, with their teachers, withdrew to another room ; the elder ones, as the teacher informed me, were to receive their Bible lesson in common. The lesson for the day was one of the chapters in St. Luke, and lasted for nearly an hour. I had never witnessed a more interesting scene ; and knew not whether I should most admire the attentive and orderly conduct of the scholars, or the kindly and impressive bearing of the teacher. No books were open, everything had been prepared at home with the greatest care, and with an intelligence which I could

scarcely have believed possible. The simpler questions were at once answered by the younger pupils, whose interest in the lesson was thus maintained ; while the more difficult questions seldom failed to be solved by the older scholars. The lesson was no mere exercise of memory ; the understanding was constantly appealed to ; and the moral lessons which the chapter suggested, were enforced in a few brief remarks, which the youngest child could easily comprehend. I had often heard travellers praise the extraordinary politeness and good behaviour of the children of the village ; and it was easy to see that these good qualities were greatly owing to the excellent training they received in school. At the end of the lesson the scholars changed their places for the future work of the day. This they did with very little noise, talking to each other (for they were then permitted to do so) in subdued whispers. I took the opportunity of making some inquiries at the

teacher. He told me that he had been for some time annoyed with various bad habits that the children had formerly acquired, but under the influence of care and kindness they had disappeared. They had been irregular in attendance, but he had convinced the parents of the folly of such a practice, and they assisted him in securing regularity. They had been in the habit of coming late, but that too had been overcome. At first, he said, he had been strict and somewhat severe, but he was convinced that kindness and faithful discharge of his duty were the true means of procuring and sustaining good order in a school. He had been some years in the village, and though at first the inhabitants had kept aloof from him, now he enjoyed the cordial friendship of all, and found all classes, the clergyman, the neighbouring proprietor, the farmers, and the villagers, ever ready to assist him in any project that might increase the efficiency of the school, and anxious, with-

out his solicitation, to add to his comfort. As I wended my way homewards, I could not but reflect on what I had seen, and contrast the low estimation in which a village teacher is held, not to speak of the low remuneration which he generally receives, with the important services which he renders to society ; and I could not resist a smile when I saw in the newspaper of that day a long notice of the death of a manufacturer who had acquired wealth and fame by a new method of making the heads of nails ! “ So,” I said to myself, “ it seems that one may make a fortune by improving a nail’s head, but if he only improve children by filling *their* heads with useful knowledge, and their hearts with virtuous principles, he must be content with the prospect of making a decent living unknown to fame. Surely this is one of the things which the future will mend.”

ABIDING LOVE FOR OUR SCHOOL.

BE it a weakness, it deserves some praise,
 We love the play-place of our early days ;
 The scene is touching, and the heart is stone,
 That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
 The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
 The very name we carved subsisting still ;
 The bench on which we sat while deep employ'd,
 Though mangled, hacked, and hewed, not yet de-
 stroyed ;
 The little ones, unbuttoned, glowing hot,
 Playing our games, and on the very spot ;
 As happy as we once, to kneel and draw
 The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw ;
 To pitch the ball into the grounded hat,
 Or drive it devious with a dext'rous pat ;
 The pleasing spectacle at once excites
 Such recollection of our own delights,
 That, viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
 Our innocent sweet simple years again.
 This fond attachment to the well-known place,
 Whence first we started into life's long race,
 Maintains its hold with such unfailing sway,
 We feel it even in age, and at our latest day.

COWPER.



CONDUCT TO BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

“It is a good and pleasant thing for brethren to dwell together in unity.” So said King David nearly three thousand years ago ; and on this point the opinion of the world is not altered. Wherever strife may prevail, it is always expected that those who belong to the same family should live in peace and mutual love. We hear every day of quarrels and

disputes, and we take little notice of them, for we know that they often cannot be avoided ; but when we hear of brothers and sisters, living in the same house, and children of the same father and mother, and yet disagreeing with each other, we are shocked, and turn away with displeasure from so unnatural a scene.

On the other hand, no sight gives so much general pleasure as that of a family living happily together. How pleasant it is to see a boy taking charge of his younger brother or sister ! leading them carefully and kindly by the hand to school, joining with them good humouredly in their amusements, assisting them in their lessons, watchfully protecting them from the approach of danger, and trying to be of service to his parents, and to shew his gratitude for their kindness to him, by relieving them of much of the trouble of watching, amusing, and instructing the others. Any boy or girl who acts in this manner

must, we know, feel the greatest pleasure in being conscious that they are doing their duty ; they will be rewarded with the gratitude of their parents and the love of their brothers and sisters ; and we are sure that they will enjoy the respect, and experience the kindness of all who witness their conduct. How much happier it would be to live in such a family than in a house where we should see nothing but angry looks, and hear nothing but unkind words !

If we wish our home to be a happy one, we must try to act properly towards our brothers and sisters. When we do quarrel with any of them, if we think over the matter with ourselves, and try to find out what has occasioned the quarrel, we shall almost always find that we have been proud or self-willed ; that we have been thinking too much of our own importance, and too little of giving pleasure to others. We must therefore, as far as we can, avoid these faults, or we

may be to blame for breaking the harmony of the family. If, therefore, we have brothers and sisters older than we are, we must not grumble if they are allowed more liberty than we enjoy, if they wear finer clothes, or have better playthings, or get larger presents, or are more taken notice of than we are. We must remember that all this is done, not because their parents love them better than us, but because they are older than we are ; and since they are older, and therefore wiser than we are, we ought to submit to them and take their advice, except when we see that they are disobeying our parents, for we should never do wrong to please anybody. And if again we have brothers and sisters younger than we are, we must not grumble if they receive more indulgence than we do, for we were indulged in the same way ourselves when we were younger. We should rather follow the example of our parents, and humour our younger brothers and sisters ; and in-

stead of using our superior strength as the means of compelling them to submit to us, we ought rather to give up our own inclinations and gratify theirs. Above all, as they are sure to follow our example, we should be careful not to lead them astray, and should try to shew that we are wiser than they are by our good behaviour.

The same Bible which tells us that "it is a good thing for brethren to dwell in unity," has given us, in the conduct of Joseph's brethren, a warning of the dreadful consequences that may follow from family quarrels, and in the conduct of Joseph himself, an example which we ought to imitate. We may think there is no danger of our selling any of our brothers or sisters, far less of plotting to kill them, but just as little did *they* expect at first to be so wicked; and therefore we should be on our guard against the beginning of strife, as no man can tell to what height it may afterwards rise. It

will not be easy to imitate Joseph's example, yet, like him, we should forgive any unkindness, and remember only that those who formerly offended are our brothers, and return them good for evil.

Now, our brothers and sisters are all at home with us ; we may all go to the same school, join in the same amusements, and sit round the same fireside, but in a few years we may be scattered in far distant parts of the country, and once separated, we may never all meet again. How pleasant will it be to know that in some remote corner of the globe, a dear sister or brother rejoices in our welfare, and sympathizes with our distress ! And what deep sorrow will it occasion in our bosoms if we have to blame ourselves for want of kindness to those who should have been our dearest friends, and are now beyond the reach of our affection.



GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

THEY grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now ?

One, midst the forests of the west,
By a dark stream is laid ;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep ;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd
Above the noble slain ;
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd ;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree ;

Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth—
Alas ! for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, oh earth !

MRS. HEMANS.



ON MAKING A PROPER USE OF OUR EYES.

THERE is no greater difference between an intelligent boy and an ignorant one than this, that the one knows how to make a proper use of his eyes, and the other does not. The intelligent boy, whether he is walking in the streets of a town, or strolling about the fields in the country, is always attentive to what is passing on around

him ; he sees and notices everything that is strange, examines it with care, and never rests satisfied till he understands all about it. He can give you a long and interesting account of everything that he sees ; if you are a stranger to the town, he can guide you to all the fine buildings, and knows something about their uses ; and can shew you all the objects of interest which strangers like to visit. If you fall in with him on a country road he is as good as a guide-book ; he knows the names of all the lakes, rivers, and hills that you pass ; he can shew you everything that is worth looking at in the old castles, and can tell you, besides, stories about their history ; and can lead you to the spots where the finest views are to be got. If you are fond of trees, he knows where the largest trees in the neighbourhood are ; there is not a tree with anything strange about it for miles round that he has not seen, and does not know the way to. If you

are a botanist, you may be sure that he will be able to assist you ; there are few unusual flowers that he has not noticed ; he has learned to distinguish even the ferns and mosses ; and as such a boy will know how to make a proper use of his ears as well as his eyes, he will be constantly extending his knowledge whenever he meets with any stranger able to gratify his curiosity.

How different is the boy who has never learned to make a proper use of his eyes ! His eyes may indeed be open as he walks about, but you can see from his vacant stare that they might as well be shut, for he notices nothing, and if you ask him five minutes afterwards, he will not be able to tell you what like the thing was that he was looking at. Should you ask him the way to any street, you may think yourself fortunate if he direct you right ; if you inquire the distance to any place, it will be a rare accident if he can tell you, though it is

marked on the mile-stones which he passes every day. You pass a large building and ask him about it, but he has little information to give: he is not sure whether it is a church, or an hospital, or a theatre, or a public hall; you wish to know where some small object of interest is to be seen, and he tells you that he never noticed it.

You do not need to be told which of these two boys is most likely to receive kindness from the hand of a stranger; or if they be brothers, which of them is most likely to be chosen as a companion by his parents in any excursion. But without speaking of this, how many sources of pleasure the one boy has, which are quite unknown to the other! The one who has not learned to make a proper use of his eyes is often quite at a loss for any means of amusing himself; he saunters lazily along the streets, or walks listlessly through the woods, and if he cannot get companions he comes home wearied and

disgusted. He learns to be idle, and is sure to be backward in his lessons. But the boy who has learnt to use his eyes has never time to be idle. He never tires noticing what is doing around him ; in town he watches the progress of all the new buildings, and is continually finding out something strange to interest his curiosity. In the country, every spare minute is occupied : he observes when the trees are coming into leaf, and when the nuts and brambles are ripe ; he is on the watch to see the first swallow, and to hear the cuckoo on its first arrival ; he is ever on the look-out for unknown flowers that are not yet in his collection. You may be sure that he has gathered specimens of everything peculiar within his reach, that no strange stone escapes him, and that he has an egg of every bird that visits the neighbourhood. He is never at a loss for amusement ; and if he is the busiest boy in the village, he is as certainly the happiest.

I have sometimes seen schools where the teachers encouraged their scholars to make a proper use of their eyes ; and I once met with a girl who knew well how to do so, but this must be reserved for another lesson.



THE YOUNG GUIDE.

It was while on a short tour in the Highlands, that I met this girl, to whom I referred in the last lesson. I had taken my seat on the top of the coach at Dunkeld, on a lovely afternoon in July, and found among my fellow travellers, sitting right opposite me, a girl apparently about thirteen years of age,

whose intelligent looks made it evident at the first glance that she was one of those who had learned to use their eyes. She was travelling alone, for a girl who can use her eyes can be safely trusted to travel by herself; and I learned from her that she had been spending some holidays with her friends in Dunkeld, and was returning to her home in the village which I intended to visit. "I am sure," I said to her, "you must know everything on the road, so I shall just shut up my guide-book, which, besides, I cannot very well read for the jolting of the coach, and trust to you." She seemed quite pleased with my proposal, and I had no reason to regret my choice. As we drove on through the beautiful scenery which is the admiration of all tourists, my young companion pointed out to me what she considered the finest views of the Tay, and the romantic hills which surround Dunkeld, and called my attention to various objects of interest on the road.

“That is the river Bran,” she said, as we crossed an awkward, old-fashioned bridge. “There are beautiful falls on it, but not so fine, gentlemen say, as those near the village where I live. And that,” pointing to a pretty little cottage, “was the house of Neil Gow, the great fiddler ; and the road to Inverness lies through that immense forest on the other side of the river.”

“The forest,” said I, “seems to be all of one kind of tree, does it not ?”

“Yes, sir,” she answered, “it’s all larch, and they look so beautiful in spring with their young green leaves like tassels, and their pretty pink tops ; and they are almost as pretty in autumn, for the leaves all turn a bright yellow just before they fall off.”

“You are quite a little forester,” I remarked ; “you seem to know all about trees.”

“Oh ! sir, I am never tired looking at them. Often in the wet afternoons in autumn, when I am sitting at my window, I look out

at a lofty crag right opposite. It is just like a picture ; the larch is such a bright yellow, and the plane trees are brown, and the beech and oak are red, and they are mixed with the black Scotch fir and the green ivy, and the bare rock peeps out here and there, and it is so pretty that I never saw any picture that I liked so well."

While we were thus occupied in conversation, and in admiring the scenery through which we passed, the coach was trundling on its course, and at length brought us in sight of a broad valley, where a large stream joined the Tay. I looked to my little guide, and learned that the tributary which we saw was the Tummel. "It is the Tummel that the song speaks about, sir."

"Ah ! indeed," I replied, "and where is the Garry ?"

"I have heard that it joins the Tummel behind those hills, sir, but I have never been there."

“And that is Athole, I suppose.”

“Yes, sir, and over there is the Pass of Killiecrankie.”

My young friend, I found, had profited by her teacher's instructions, and was able to tell me about the battle, which renders this place so famous. Another hour's drive brought us alongside of a picturesque old castle, to which my companion directed my attention as soon as it was in sight.

“That is Grandtully Castle,” she said, “and I have heard the master say that Sir Walter Scott writes about it in one of his novels, but I have never read it.”

“Why, I suppose it is Tullyveolan?”

“I think that is the name he called it, sir; but now we are going to turn this corner, and you must be ready to stand up, and look right in front; for every stranger who comes says it is the finest view in all the Highlands.”

I followed the advice, and was rewarded

with the most magnificent view I have ever seen. My pleasure was increased by the information of my little guide. "That is the



Tay again, sir," said she, "running through the Strath, and that sharp peak on the right hand is Schehallion, and the dark wooded hill in

front is Drummond Hill, and behind it is the highest hill in Perthshire, Ben Lawers. You see a little patch of snow on it. And just beside us is the village where you are going to."

In a few minutes the coach reached its destination, and I parted from my little guide, after making a bargain to meet her the next morning, and be conducted by her over the beauties of her own home.

It is unnecessary to mention particularly what we saw ; the scenery was of the highest beauty, and my enjoyment of it was increased by the presence of such an intelligent companion. She was particularly delighted to learn that I was a botanist. She was very fond of wild flowers, she told me, and had gathered a great many and dried them, and gummed them on paper, but she was at a great loss for the names of them. I wrote down for her the names of such flowers as we gathered, and found her of the greatest service

to me, as her habits of noticing everything enabled her to lead me to places where strange plants were to be seen ; and I added to my collection several specimens that were quite new to me. She had a great fancy for ferns and



Lady Fern.



Royal Fern.

mosses, and I shewed her some of the latter through my glass, beautifully magnified, to her great delight ; and I gave her a lesson in distinguishing the chief varieties of ferns, which she picked up with great eagerness.

After a long stroll, I returned to the inn, in order to continue my journey ; but before leaving the village, I took my little friend into the bookseller's shop, and gave her, what I am sure she highly prizes, a nice book on wild flowers. I can never think of my Highland tour without admiring the modesty, good sense, and intelligence of the young girl whom I thus accidentally met ; and I am certain any boy or girl who endeavours to imitate her will find the attempt both pleasant and profitable.



KINDNESS.

THERE is so much distress and misfortune in the world, that it would be a miserable world indeed if we were not kind to each other. We know ourselves how much we feel indebted to any one who assists us in our difficulties. If we lose our road, how grateful we are to any one who puts us right ! If we are puzzled with anything in our lesson that we cannot understand, how warmly we

thank any one who takes the trouble to explain it to us ! Should we lose anything that we set a high value upon, we never forget the kindness of any one who should find it for us again, or should give us something equally prized by us. How much we think even of a kind word, or a pleasant look, though the person who thus sympathizes with us is unable to give us any further assistance ; it makes us forget half our distress, and cheers us up to endure bravely whatever may befall us.

Now, if we wish to receive any kindness from others, we must shew kindness to them. If we always act selfishly, assisting no one in distress because it might give us some trouble, and might take up some of the time in which we wished to amuse ourselves ; giving no one any share in our pleasures, that we may have the more to ourselves ; laughing at others when we see them in misfortune, and rejoicing when they are punished, or

when they meet with disappointments : how can we expect that they will act otherwise to us ? If we do not sympathize with others, we do not deserve any sympathy from them ; and we may be very sure we shall seldom get any. However young we may be, we can always find some to shew kindness to ; we shall be able to help and protect those who are younger than we are ; and when we can do nothing to assist them, we can at all events speak and look kindly to them, and even this, we know, will do them some good. Besides, we may be of great service even to those who are much older than we are ; and if we just make up our minds to try to be kind, we shall find that we can do a great deal for which even men and women will be grateful to us. A very young child may lead a blind man across the street ; or may warn grown people of some danger which they do not see ; or may direct them right when they have lost their way ; and if

it cannot assist them when they are in distress, it can at least run and bring others to their assistance. If at any time we begin to think that we can do little to help others, we should remember the fable of the mouse and the lion.

Once on a time, a little hungry mouse ventured in search of food into a lion's den. The huge lion, on seeing the mouse, lifted up his great paw to crush it to death. In great fear the mouse begged the lion to forgive it this once, and it would always feel grateful, and do anything it could to help the lion. The lion laughed at the notion of a mouse being able to help him, and good-humouredly allowed the little animal to nibble some bones that were lying about, and then to creep back to its hole. A few days after, the lion, while hunting in the forest, was caught in a trap. It shook itself, and pulled with all its might at the strings which fastened the trap, but all in vain ; and being mightily

enraged, it roared till the wood echoed again. The mouse heard him in her little hole, and knew the voice of her friend, and came as fast as she could to see what was the matter. When she reached the spot, she saw what was wrong, and told the lion not to be afraid, for she would soon set him free ; and with her sharp teeth she began to gnaw the ropes which secured the trap. After a few minutes she had gnawed one half through, and the lion making a great effort broke the rest ; and thanking the mouse for its kindness, escaped to his den.

It is a very old saying, that we should love our friends and hate our enemies. But this is not only a wrong plan, but a foolish one. It is a wrong one, because the Bible tells us to be kind to all. And it is a foolish one, for if we are kind to every one, we shall soon have no enemies. It costs us just as much trouble to do harm to our enemies as to do them kindness ; and in the one case

they will hate us more than at first, and do us a mischief in return when they have an opportunity; whereas, in the other, they will become our friends, and watch for a chance of shewing us some favour. The following story will shew the benefit of kindness.

THE MAN WHO KILLED HIS NEIGHBOURS.



REUBEN BLACK was the torment of the neighbourhood where he resided. Every one trembled when he approached. His wife seemed uncomfortable; his boys looked afraid; the very dog dropped his tail between his legs, and eyed him askance, as if to see what humour he was in; and the cat rushed in terror out of the house when

he entered. Everything around him had a miserable appearance. The trees looked neglected; the fields were overgrown with weeds; and the fences were all tumbling down. He was constantly quarrelling with his neighbours, and he spent on lawsuits the money which should have been devoted to improving his farm. Of course his neighbours disliked him, and did him many a bad turn; they poisoned his dogs, stoned his hens, destroyed his corn, and kept him in perpetual misery.

When things were in this state, Simeon Green purchased the farm next to Reuben's. It was in a sad condition; had been long neglected, and was covered with thistles; but Simeon was a diligent man, and one who had learned to command his temper, and not to be overcome by difficulties. His perseverance and industry soon changed matters; his fields, covered with mud from the river, leaves, and ground bones, became fertile and luxuri-

ant, and waved with golden grain. Simeon's friends told him what a quarrelsome neighbour he had in Reuben Black, but he was not at all alarmed. "Just let us alone," said he, "*I will soon kill him.*"

Reuben was not long in hearing of this remark of Simeon's, and was highly enraged at it. "He will kill me, will he," said he, and grasped his stick tightly in his hand, as much as to say, "let him try it." That very night he turned his horse loose into the woods, hoping it might stray into his neighbour Green's premises, and provoke him; but a labourer, who hated Reuben, turned it into Reuben's own cornfield, where the poor hungry animal enjoyed a more hearty feed than it had had for some years. In the morning, there was nothing for it but to give his horse a beating, which Reuben did with right good will. His next exploit was to shoot Mrs. Green's handsome cock 'as it stood crowing a few yards beyond the boundary of

her farm. Simeon said he was sorry, but resolved to build a new poultry yard with a high fence round it, to keep his cocks and hens from annoying his neighbours. But Reuben was on the look out to do more mischief. He had in his garden a large pear tree, one branch of which hung over the wall into Simeon's field, and was loaded with fruit. One day little George Green, as he was walking in his father's field, saw a pear lying on the ground, which had fallen from the tree, and picked it up. Reuben was on the watch, and struck the boy on the back of the neck with the lash of his cart whip. The poor child ran home in great pain, but his mother comforted him, and told him not to go near the pear tree again ; and there the matter ended.

Reuben did not know what to make of this. He was far more annoyed than if neighbour Green had quarrelled with him, for he felt he was not acting properly, and he was annoyed to see everything prospering in

his neighbour's property, while everything went wrong with him. As if to make matters worse, the Greens not only declined quarrelling with him, but began to act in a friendly manner. Simeon's wife sent Mrs. Black a large basket full of very fine plums. Pleased with the unexpected attention, she cordially thanked the boy who brought them; while Reuben, who had been sitting by the fire smoking, listened to her without impatience, though he whiffed the smoke through his pipe a little faster and fiercer than usual. When the boy had gone he exclaimed, "Don't make a fool of yourself; they want to give us a hint to send a basket of our pears, that's the upshot of the business. You may send them a basket when they are ripe; for I scorn to be under obligation, especially to your smooth-tongued folks."

THE MAN WHO KILLED HIS
NEIGHBOURS.—*Concluded.*

NOT long after the present of the plums, some of Simeon Green's labourers, when passing over a bit of marshy ground with a heavy load, stuck fast in the bog. The poor horses were unable to extricate themselves, and Simeon ventured to ask assistance from his waspish neighbour, who was working at a short distance. Reuben replied gruffly, "I've got enough to do to attend to my own business." Simeon said nothing, but walked off to find some more obliging neighbour. His men, however, who were left waiting with the poor horses, abused Reuben for his unkind conduct, and wished that he might get stuck in the same bog himself. "In that case," said Simeon, "we will do our duty, and help him out."

"Perhaps, Sir," they answered, "it may

not do to be too good-natured with such a man as Reuben Black ; for if he thinks you are afraid of him, he will trample on you worse than ever."

"Oh, wait awhile," replied Green, smiling; "I will kill him before long. Wait and see if I do not kill him."

It chanced soon after that Reuben's team did stick fast in the same bog, as the workmen had wished. Simeon noticed it from a neighbouring field, and gave directions that the horses and chains should be immediately conveyed to his assistance. The men laughed, shook their heads, and talked about the old hornet ; but cheerfully proceeded to do as their master requested.

"You are in a bad situation, neighbour," said Simeon when he came up ; "but my men are coming with two pairs of horses, and I think we shall soon manage to help you out."

"You may take your horses back again,"

replied Reuben, quickly ; " I want none of your help."

Simeon answered, in a friendly tone, " I cannot consent to do that, for evening is coming on, and you have very little time to lose. It is a bad job at any time, but it will be still worse in the dark."

" Light or dark, I do not ask your help," replied Reuben, emphatically. " I would not help you out of the bog the other day when you asked me."

" But the trouble I had then makes me feel for you now. Do not let us waste words about it, neighbour ; I cannot go home and leave you in the bog."

The cart was soon drawn out, and Simeon and his men went away without waiting for thanks. When Reuben went home that night, he was unusually thoughtful. After smoking a while in deep meditation, he gently knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and said with a sigh, " Peg, Simeon Green

has killed me!" "What do you mean?" said his wife, with a look of surprise. "You know," replied Reuben, "when he first came to live beside us, he said he would kill me, and he has done it." And then he recounted to her the events of the day; telling her of his own former unkindness and incivility to Simeon, and the kindness which he had returned him notwithstanding. After sitting a while, he again said, "Peg, you know that big ripe melon down at the bottom of the garden? You may as well carry it over there in the morning." She said she would, without asking where "over there" was.

When the morning came, Reuben seemed unusually restless. At length he said, "I may as well carry the melon myself, and thank him for his kindness; in the hurry in the bog I forgot to thank him for his horses." So saying, he marched off to the garden, procured the melon, and proceeded to his neighbour's house; while his wife, delighted at

his unusual conduct, stood at her door, watching him on his way. When he reached Mr. Green's house, he found himself rather awkward, and hastily said to Mrs. Green, "Here is a melon my wife has sent to you, and we hope it is a fine one." She thanked him kindly, and invited him to sit down ; but he felt at a loss, and stood playing with the latch of the door. At last he asked if Mr. Green was at home. "He is at the pump, and will be in directly," she replied ; and before she had well done speaking, in he came, and, stepping right up to Reuben, shook him cordially by the hand, and bade him be seated.

"Thank you, I cannot stop," replied Reuben. He pushed his hat on one side, looked out at the window, and then, making an effort, said suddenly, "The fact is, Mr. Green, I did not behave right about the horses."

"Never mind—never mind," replied Mr.

Green ; “perhaps I shall get into the bog again one of those rainy days. If I do, I shall know whom to call upon.”

“Why, you see,” said Reuben, still very much confused, “the neighbours here are very ugly. If I had always lived by such neighbours as you are, I should not be just as I am.”

“Ah, well, we must try to be to others what we wish them to be to us,” rejoined Simeon. “You know the good Book says so. I have learned by experience, that if we speak kind words we shall hear kind echoes. If we try to make others happy, it fills them with a wish to make us happy. Perhaps you and I can bring the neighbours round in time to this way of thinking and acting. Who knows ? Let us try, Mr. Black ; let us try.”

The two went out into the orchard, and chatted together for some time ; and Reuben at length feeling quite at his ease, went home,

and shewed by his conduct afterwards that he really wished to imitate his neighbour. As for Mr. Green, he was too magnanimous to go and boast to every one that Reuben Black had given in, and confessed that he was in the wrong. On the contrary, he never told any of the neighbours anything about Reuben's confession ; he merely remarked, with a smile, to his wife, when he returned from the orchard, " Well, I thought we should kill him after a while."

*Adapted from a Tract by the
Religious Tract Society.*

COMPASSION.

AND from the prayer of want and plaint of woe,
Oh, never, never turn away thine ear !
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah ! what were man should Heaven refuse to hear !
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done ;

Forgive thy foes, and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land ; nor these alone—
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own.

BEATTIE.

SELF-DENIAL.

SELF-DENIAL is the giving up of some pleasure for the sake of a duty. If a boy should stay away from a game at cricket or football, in order to write his exercise or prepare his lessons ; or if a girl, when asked out to play with her companions, should prefer to remain at home and assist her mother, that boy and girl would be practising self-denial. Self-denial is always unpleasant at the time ; for we feel it hard to cross our inclinations—to lose some pleasure which we are anxious to enjoy, or submit to some hardship which we would much rather avoid.

If self-denial is so very unpleasant, why should we be told to practise it ? For *three*

very good reasons. The *first* is, that if we were always to do whatever pleases us at the time, we should very often do what was wrong—what was injurious to others, and what we should very much regret afterwards ; for this is what we see in the case of those who act in this way. And, worse than this, if we refuse to do anything that seems troublesome or unpleasant, we shall by and bye find out that we have left many things undone which it would have been very much for our own interest to have done, however much trouble they might cost.

The *second* reason is, that when we are young we ought to learn those things which will be of service to us when we grow up and have to work for ourselves, and manage our own business or our own houses. Now, those who have seen much of the world, and are able to give us good advice, all tell us that if we wish to do well when we grow up, we must learn the habit of self-denial.

It is all very well to learn at school to read and write and cast accounts ; all this will not be of much use to us unless we have also learned to do our duty, however hard and unpleasant it may be, and to turn away from every pleasure that interferes with our work.

The *third* reason is, that in our Bibles we read that Christ tells us, that those who wish to be like Him, and to share in the blessings which those only will enjoy who are like Him, must deny themselves, and submit to many inconveniences, as He had to do.

Thus we see that there are very good reasons for practising self-denial ; and we ought not to avoid it because it is unpleasant, any more than we would refuse to take medicine that is to cure us of some dangerous disease because it is bitter to the taste. If we wish to learn the habit that all grown-up people tell us is so very useful, the sooner

we begin it will be the easier to learn it; and there is no better place for learning it than a school. If, when we are coming to school in the morning, we meet with some companions who ask us to play with them, although we have just enough of time left to get to school before the bell rings, here is an opportunity to learn self-denial. If we sometimes feel inclined to stay away from school altogether, and enjoy some amusement of which we are very fond, here is another opportunity for self-denial. If, when we are in school, we begin to think it a dreadful trouble to attend to our lessons, and to work hard at our sums, and take pains with our writing, and that it would be so much better to sit idle and work at our ease, without any care—here is a grand opportunity for self-denial. If, when we sit down to prepare our lessons at home, we begin to grumble at them as too long and too difficult, and to think of giving them up, and going

out instead to get some sport—here we have another opportunity for self-denial. If, when we have made arrangements with our companions for some amusement, our mother should ask us to do something for her in the house, or our father should send us away some message or far-distant errand, then, instead of being sulky or disappointed, let us say to ourselves, “Well, here is a capital opportunity of learning self-denial.” No day will pass without giving us the means of practising this habit; and though we may find it difficult at first, perseverance will soon make it easier. Self-denial will enable us to bear the little disappointments and difficulties which we meet with when young without much complaining; and we will thus be prepared to face the far greater trials which meet those who are grown up and fighting their way in the world, with more courage.

HARRY, OR SELF-DENIAL.

THE clock had just struck nine, and Harry recollected that his mother had desired them not to sit up a minute after the clock struck. He reminded his elder brother of this order. "Never mind," said Frank, "here's a famous fire, and I shall stay and enjoy it." "Yes," said Harry, "here's a famous fire, and I should like to stay and enjoy it ; but that would not be *self-denial* ; would it, Frank ?" "Nonsense," said Frank ; "I shall not stir yet, I promise you." "Then, good night to you," said Harry.

Six o'clock was the time at which the brothers were expected to rise. When it struck six the next morning, Harry started up ; but the air felt so frosty that he had a strong inclination to lie down again. "But no," thought he, "here's a fine opportunity for *self-denial* ;" and up he jumped without

further hesitation. "Frank, Frank," said he to his sleeping brother, "past six o'clock, and a fine starlight morning." "Let me alone," cried Frank, in a cross, drowsy voice. "Very well then, a pleasant nap to you," said Harry; and down he ran as gay as the lark. After finishing his Latin exercise, he had time to take a pleasant walk before breakfast; so that he came in fresh and rosy, with a good appetite, and what was better, in a good humour. But poor Frank, who had just tumbled out of bed when the bell rang for prayers, came down, looking pale, and cross, and cold, and discontented. Harry was just beginning to utter some joke about his forlorn appearance, when he recollected his resolution: "Frank does not like to be laughed at, especially when he is cross," he thought to himself, and suppressed his joke.

During breakfast his father promised, that if the weather continued fine, Harry should ride out with him before dinner on

the gray pony. Harry was much delighted with this proposal ; and the thought of it occurred to him very often during the business of the morning. The sun shone cheerily in at the parlour windows, and seemed to promise fair for a fine day. About noon, however, it became rather cloudy, and Harry was somewhat startled to perceive a few large drops upon the flag-stones in the court. He equipped himself, nevertheless, in his great-coat at the time appointed, and stood playing with his whip in the hall, waiting to see the horses led out. His mother now passing by, said, " My dear boy, I am afraid there can be no riding this morning : do you see that the stones are quite wet ? " " Dear mother," said Harry, " you surely do not imagine that I am afraid of a few drops of rain ; besides, it will be no more than a shower at any rate." Just then his father came in, who looked first at the clouds, then at the barometer, and then at Harry, and shook his head. " You intend

to go, papa, don't you ?" said Harry. "I must go, I have business to do ; but I believe, Harry, it will be better for *you* to stay at home this morning," said his father. "But, sir," repeated Harry, "do you think it possible, now, that this little sprinkling of rain should do me the least harm in the world, with my greatcoat and all ?" "Yes, Harry," said his father, "I do think that even this sprinkling of rain may do you harm, as you have not been quite well : I think, too, it will be more than a sprinkling. But you shall decide on this occasion for yourself ; I know you have some self-command. I shall only tell you, that your going this morning will make your mother uneasy, and that we both think it improper ; now, determine." Harry again looked at the clouds, at the stones, at his boots, and last of all at his kind mother, and then he recollected himself. "This," thought he, "is the best opportunity for *self-denial* I have had to-day ;" and he immediately ran

out to tell Roger that he need not saddle the gray pony.

That day, at dinner, a magnificent mince-pie made its appearance, and both the boys were helped to it with a liberal hand. "I should like another slice, I think, mother," said Frank, after he had despatched one huge hemisphere. "Any more for you, my dear Harry?" said his mother. "If you please—no; thank you, though," said Harry, withdrawing his plate; "for," thought he, "I have had enough, and more than enough, to satisfy my hunger; and now is the time for *self-denial*."

"Brother Harry," said his little sister, that afternoon, "when will you shew me how to do that pretty puzzle you said you would shew me a long time ago?" "I am busy now, child," said Harry, "don't tease me now; there's a good girl." She said no more, but looked disappointed, and still hung upon her brother's chair. "Come, then," said he, sud-

denly recollecting himself, "bring me your puzzle;" and laying down his book, he very good-naturedly shewed his little sister how to place it.



That night, when the two boys were going to bed, Harry called to mind with some complacency the several instances in the course of the day, in which he had exercised *self-denial*, and he was on the very point of mentioning them to his brother Frank. "But

no," thought he, "this is another opportunity still for *self-denial*; I will not say a word about it; besides, to boast of it would spoil all." So he lay down quietly, making the following sage reflections:—"This has been a pleasant day to me; although I have had one great disappointment, and done several things against my will, I find that *self-denial* is painful for a moment, but very agreeable in the end; and, if I go on this plan every day, I shall stand a good chance of leading a happy life."

From JANE TAYLOR.

TO A MOTHER.

AND canst thou, mother, for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his bright sphere shall sink,

Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day,
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought ! where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still with fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home ;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

KIRKE WHITE.

KINDNESS AND SELF-DENIAL

A FARMER brought with him from the town five peaches, the finest that one could see. His children had never seen the fruit before, and they were surprised with them, and very much admired their red cheeks and soft down. The father gave one to each of his four boys, and the fifth he gave to their mother. At night, when the children were going into their sleeping rooms, the father said, " Well, how did you

like the pretty fruit?" "Gloriously, dear father," said the eldest; "it is a splendid fruit, so juicy, and so mild in flavour. I have taken great care of the stone, and will raise a tree to myself from it." "Well done," said the father; "that is what I call good management, and providing for the future, as a farmer ought to do."

"I ate mine at once," cried the youngest, "and threw away the stone, and my mother gave me the half of hers. O! the taste was so sweet, and it melted so in my mouth." "Well," said the father, "you have not acted very wisely to be sure; still what you have done was natural and just like a child; there is plenty of time yet for your learning to be wise."

Then the second son began, "I picked up the stone which my little brother threw away, and broke it open. There was a kernel inside, which tasted as sweet as a nut. But I have sold my own peach, and have got so

much for it, that when I go to town I shall be able to buy a dozen peaches." The father shook his head, and said, "That is very prudent indeed, but not childlike or natural. Heaven forbid that you should turn out a miser."

"And you, Edmund?" asked the father. Openly, and without embarrassment, Edmund answered, "I took my peach to poor George, our neighbour's son, who has the fever. He did not wish to take it; but I laid it on his bed, and came away."

"Then," said the father, "which of you has made the best use of your peach?" Then cried all the three, "Our brother Edmund." But Edmund sat still, and his mother embraced him with tears in her eyes.

From the German.



CONDUCT IN CHURCH.

WE go to church to worship God. And to worship God is, as many of us hear the minister say every day, “to render thanks to Him for the great benefits we have received at His hands ; to set forth His most worthy

praise ; to hear His most holy Word, and to ask those things which are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul." If we just try to bear in mind, when we are in church, that God is there too, and sees everything that we do, and knows what we are thinking about, this will keep us from misbehaving when we are there. For we would never speak to our neighbours, or laugh, or make a noise, or sit amusing ourselves, if we remembered that God saw what we were doing. When we ask anything from our teachers, we speak respectfully to them, and should never think of breaking off in the middle of our question to do something else, or to laugh, or to look out of the window at what is passing in the street or the playground. If we were told that a little boy went to thank some great gentleman who had been very kind to him, and that he rushed into the room with his cap on, paid no attention to what the gentleman was saying, burst

out a laughing when he was speaking, sat kicking his heels against each other, wrote his name on the table, and, when the gentleman was done speaking, put on his cap in the room, ran out in great haste, and began to whistle and halloo in the lobby ; would we not say that such a rude boy did not deserve any more kindness ? And yet this is just the way in which many boys and girls behave in church. They make a great noise when coming in ; they slam the door of their . pew, kick against the boards, speak to one another, laugh aloud, scratch the seat with pins, or cut their names on it with knives, scribble in their Bibles and prayer-books, and either disturb everybody near them, or fall asleep and never hear a single word that the preacher says.

Now, all this is very bad ; it is very ungrateful, for we would never behave in this way to our parents, or friends, or teachers, and yet God has been kinder to us than all

of these have been ; and we know that it is wrong, for we try to behave better when any one looks at us ; and, if we think for a moment, we must feel that God must be angry with us for such conduct. We, no doubt, feel it very tiresome to sit so long and listen, when we perhaps do not understand much that the minister is saying ; and sometimes we may get so sleepy that we cannot keep our eyes open. But at all events we can keep from making noises ; and perhaps, if we were to try, we might be able to understand a good deal of the sermon, and then we should not feel so sleepy ; and besides, if we do our best, God will be pleased with us, and will help us to do better. We require to please Him as far as we can, just as grown people do ; and if we listen to the clergyman when he is explaining the meaning of the Bible, we shall better understand the meaning of the sacred book, and know better what we should do to please God. The more

anxious we are to know what we ought to do, and to thank our Maker for all the care and kindness which He shews to us, the greater pleasure will we take in going to church, and the more likely will we be, when we go there, to behave as we ought to do.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship Thee ;
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go ;
'Tis like a little heaven below ;
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of Thy Word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love Thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine ;
That hoping pardon through His blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

DR. WATTS.

CHEERFULNESS.

EVERY one likes to see boys and girls cheerful and happy. They have so few cares to annoy them, and so few misfortunes to distress them, that if they are not cheerful when young, they are never likely to be. And yet even boys and girls do meet with little disappointments and annoyances, and it will be well for them to bear them cheerfully ; for a misfortune loses more than half its weight when it is borne with cheerfulness. Some children are naturally inclined to be more cheerful than others, and are not so much cast down by disappointments ; others are naturally gloomy, always expecting that things will go on badly with them, and making all their little misfortunes a great deal worse by giving way to sadness. Now, if we are wise, we will surely try to make our grief less, not greater ; and therefore we

must learn, as the best way to lessen our grief, to be as cheerful as possible, to keep up our spirits, and to make the best of any unavoidable misfortunes that overtake us. If we lose any favourite plaything, or fail in getting a prize, we may indeed be sorry at the time, and we ought to resolve to take more care in future, but there is no use of giving ourselves up to gloom, for the thing is past, and we cannot make a better of it. If it should turn out very wet some day when our parents have promised us a trip on the railway, we must just put the best face on matters and hope we shall have better fortune next time. There is no good in grumbling, for we know that our being sulky and distressed will not make the weather any better. If we try this plan in all our misfortunes, taking as much care as we can beforehand to prevent them, practising self-denial so as to be able to control our feelings, and making an effort to maintain our cheerfulness, and to

hope for a change of fortune for the better, we shall find a great deal less to grieve us in the world than many others do. This plan will do not only for great difficulties but for the most trifling inconveniences, as the following short story will shew :—

One day last autumn I was in the country, when it rained very fast. I had a few miles to walk to the house of a kind and hospitable friend, and set off with a thin pair of shoes on my feet. It rained very fast, to be sure, but I hoped and trusted it would soon get finer. It was wet enough overhead, and still wetter underfeet, but on I trudged along the dirty lanes, holding up my umbrella. My thin shoes were a poor defence against the mud and rain. "Well, well," said I, "they will not all be dirty lanes ; I shall soon come to the fields." To the fields I came, but they were no improvement on the road, for the long grass made me miserably

wet. "Well, well," said I, "the fields will not all be grass." I soon came to a piece of clover ; and the round, bossy clover blossoms, saturated with rain, kept bobbing against my legs, and made me wetter than before. "Well, well," said I, the fields will not all be clover." The next was a potato field, and if the grass was bad, and the clover worse, the potato field was worst of all ; for the broad leaves of the potatoes were so many reservoirs of water, which emptied themselves upon me every time my toe caught the straggling stem of a potato. "Well, well," said I, "they will not, they cannot, all be potato fields." So on I went till I came into a snug lane, where the brambles, hanging in festoons from the hedges, were covered with blackberries, a fruit of which I am uncommonly fond. The storm abated, the road got drier, the sun shone in the skies, and I banqueted on the blackberries.

(Old Humphrey's Observations).

IMPROVIDENCE.

"PAPA," said little Richard, "I heard a gentleman say to-day to the teacher, that he thought it was a pity that boys and girls at school were not warned against improvidence ; *what is improvidence ?*"

"Well, my dear child, it means *not looking before us* ; and I suppose the gentleman meant that boys and girls ought to be taught in school to be careful in spending their money, and not to throw it away, without thinking beforehand what it is best to do with it."

"But, papa," said Richard, "there is no use in teaching us that, for we have so little money to spend."

"That is very true, Richard," answered the father smiling, "but then you know it is as easy to spend a small sum foolishly as a large one ; and besides, the less you have

to spend, the more necessary is it for you to be provident in using it, that it may go the further."

"Why, I only get threepence every week of pocket-money, how can I be provident with that?"

"I'll shew you how. This is the month of April; you are going to commence cricket in May, and you have often asked me of late for five shillings to buy a bat. Now, can you tell me how many threepences are in five shillings?"

"Oh, yes, papa, there are twenty."

"Well, then, you see, if you had saved your pocket-money for twenty weeks during the winter, you would have had enough money to buy a bat; and besides, you know, your grandfather gave you half-a-crown at Christmas, with which you bought sweetstuff that made you sick, and a puzzle that was broken the next day. Now, that is what I call improvidence; you are very anxious to get a

bat, and yet you spend all your money, without ever thinking that if you saved your money for a few weeks you would have enough to buy anything you want. You are eleven years old, and yet you don't know that three and three make six."

"Oh, papa, my little sister in the nursery knows that, and she is not five yet!"

"I don't know," said his papa, "it was only last week you said you wished you had a sixpence to buy a small box of colours; now, if you really knew that three and three make six, and were anxious to get the colours, would you not say to yourself, 'I will keep the threepence which I get this week, and the threepence which I get next week, and then I shall have sixpence and get my box of colours.'"

"But, papa, the other boys would call me a miser."

"I hope not; I hope they understand the difference between a provident boy who saves

his money that he may be able to buy something which he is very anxious to have, and a miser who hoards up his money to look at it. What I wish you to do is, when you have any money, to think what you wish to do with it before you spend it ; and if you don't learn to be provident with your little pocket-money, you will make a very bad use indeed of a larger sum. This is the reason why I never give you any money besides your pocket-money, because, if you use it carefully, it should buy everything that you ought to require. If I were not to think well what I have to do with my money, we should want a great many comforts. You know our neighbour Simpson ; he has as large an income as I have, and yet you see how very badly his house is furnished ; and you told me that his boy does not get any regular pocket-money at all. His father never thinks what he is going to do with his money, but just spends it on anything that he fancies at the

time, and he is often greatly in want of money to buy clothes and food, such as a man in his position should have. And you remember when we were in the country last year, we went into two workmen's houses."

"Yes, papa, I remember them so well, the one was so pretty and clean that mamma thought she would almost like to live in it ; and the other was the dirtiest house I ever saw, and had scarce any furniture in it."

"Well, I asked the farmer, whose workmen they were, about them, and he said they had both the same wages, but the one was careful how he spent his money, and by thinking beforehand what he really needed, he was always able to buy good clothes for his family, and pay for their schooling, and get nice furniture for his house, and had even some money in the savings bank ; while the other, when he got his wages, would spend half of it foolishly, and never has anything to buy what he requires ; his house, as you

saw, is very uncomfortable, and he cannot pay for his children at school ; and instead of having any money saved, he is in debt to everybody. Last winter they were both ill for three weeks ; I gave them both a part of their wages, and the one, when I went to see him, had everything just as comfortable as usual ; when I went into the other house, I found the children crying for bread, for they had tasted nothing all day, and the poor man lying shivering in bed because they had never had money to buy enough of blankets. So you see, Richard, what the results of improvidence are, and I have no doubt that if the teachers were everywhere to try to warn their scholars against it, we might perhaps see less misery in the world in a few years after this."

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT.

A FABLE.

A GRASSHOPPER, half-starved with cold and hunger, at the approach of winter, came to a well-stored ant-hill, and humbly begged the ants to relieve his wants with a few grains of corn.

One of the ants asked him how he had spent his time all the summer; and why he had not laid up a store of food, like them?

"Truly," said he, "I spent my time very merrily, in drinking, dancing, and singing, and never once thought of winter."

"Our plan is very different," said the ant; "we work hard in the summer, to lay by a store of food against the season, when we foresee we shall want it; but those who do nothing but drink, and dance, and sing in the summer, must expect to starve in the winter."

POETICAL VERSION.

A GRASSHOPPER, whose sprightly song,
 Had lasted all the summer long,
 At length, when wintry gales assail her,
 Perceived her old resources fail her ;
 No tiny worm, or slender fly,
 Can now her ready food supply.
 Of neighbour ant, in humble strain,
 She begs a little loan of grain ;
 And whilst her suit she thus preferred,
 Engag'd an insect's honest word,
 She would, next Lammas, to the day,
 Both principal and interest pay.

The prudent, cautious ant, 'tis said,
 Holds borrowing in a sort of dread ;
 And (from this charge we'll not defend her),
 Abhors the very name of lender ;
 With importunity grown weary,
 She checks it with this single query.
 " Pray, neighbour, how d 'ye spend your summer ?"
 " I charm, ant, please you, every comer ;
 All through the season, every day,
 I sing the merry hours away."
 " Oh ! " cries the ant, and bars the door,
 Which safely guards her winter store,
 " I'm glad such sports your means allow ;
 You'd better practise dancing now."

THE WHISTLE.

WHEN I was a child, about seven years of age, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with halfpence. I went directly towards a shop, where toys were sold for children, and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for it. I then came home, and went whistling over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of my money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation. My reflections on the subject gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This little event, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind ; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary things, I said to myself "*Do not give too much for the whistle,*" and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who "*gave too much for the whistle.*"

When I saw any one too ambitious of court-favour, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to obtain it, I said to myself, "*This man gives too much for his whistle.*"

When I saw another fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by neglect ; "*He pays indeed,*" said I, "*too much for his whistle.*"

If I knew a miser, who gave up every

kind of comfortable living, and the pleasure of doing good to others, and the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth ; “ *Poor man,*” said I, “ *you indeed pay too much for your whistle.*”

When I met a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of mind, or of fortune, to mere sensual gratification. “ *Mistaken man !*” said I, “ *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure ; you give too much for your whistle.*”

If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipage, all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ended his career in prison. “ *Alas !*” said I, “ *he has paid dear, very dear for his whistle.*”

In short, I conceived, that great part of the miseries of mankind, are brought upon them by the false estimate they make of the value of things, and by their “ *giving too much for their whistles.*”—BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THOUGHTLESSNESS.

WE see many boys and girls who never think what they are to be about, but do whatever comes first into their heads. Perhaps they would like to please their teachers, or help their parents, but they are so very thoughtless, that their parents find them of no service, and their teachers are constantly annoyed by them. If their parents send them on an errand, they are sure to make some extraordinary mistake; they either give a wrong message, or give it to the wrong person; they lose the money, or bring back the wrong change; they go to the wrong shop, buy a different article from what they were told to purchase, or at least a different quantity of it; and they carry it home so thoughtlessly that it is broken, or spilt, or damaged in some way or other. No one can trust them to do anything properly; for if

any mischief can be done, they are almost certain to do it, just through thoughtlessness ; and they forget all that has been said to them in a few minutes. Every one is willing to make some allowance for young people being occasionally thoughtless, for, as the proverb says, *we cannot expect to have old heads on young shoulders* ; but it is very provoking for parents and teachers to have to manage boys or girls, who are constantly thoughtless, and never pay any heed to what they are about.

At home our father expects us to be of use to him, and our mother expects us to be able to assist her in many ways. But what good can a boy do, whose thoughtlessness prevents his father from trusting him on an errand ? And a girl who is so thoughtless, that she is sure to spoil the dinner if left to attend to it, can be of no manner of service to her mother. .

In school, the teacher expects the scholars to attend to their lessons, and to think for

themselves what is to be done ; for if he had to tell every boy and girl everything that was to be done, his time would be so much occupied, that there would be no leisure for lessons. Now, if we are thoughtless, we give the teacher more trouble than the other scholars do ; and, as we do not pay any more than they do, we are, by our thoughtlessness, depriving them of the attention to which they are entitled. We need not therefore be very much surprised if our teacher either leaves us to ourselves, and cares very little about our making progress, or gets angry with us, reproves us before the class, and punishes us. We cannot expect that we are to be allowed to annoy the teacher all day long, without suffering for it in some way. If we bring the wrong books to school ; if we mistake the lessons that are given out, and prepare wrong ones ; if we bring our exercises on wrong days ; if we begin our copy-books upside down, and commit the blunders that

thoughtless children are guilty of all day long ; we know that this must provoke any teacher. It is no use to say to him when he finds fault with us for some piece of thoughtlessness, that *we forgot*, for this is just what is to blame ; we have no business to forget what our teacher tells us to do, and if we were not so very thoughtless, we should not forget. We feel ashamed when the other scholars laugh at our foolish answers, but this again is our own fault ; if we were not thoughtless we should be able to answer as well as they can, and we should not be the biggest and worst scholars in our class, as thoughtless pupils must always be.

If we were only to be scolded by our teachers and parents, or laughed at by our school-fellows for our thoughtlessness, we might think this a very trifling affair, which it was not worth our while to take much trouble to avoid. But, if we are careless now, we are likely to be just as thoughtless

when we grow up ; and then we shall find to our regret how bad the habit is which we have learned, and how difficult it is to overcome it. There are hundreds of men and women who have brought themselves into misfortune and misery by their thoughtlessness ; our parents know this, and it is for this reason that they are so careful to prevent us from acquiring such a mischievous habit, and if we wish to avoid misfortune and to get on well in the world, we may be sure that we shall be much assisted by attending to their advice, and trying to be careful and thoughtful.

THOUGHTLESS KITTY.



“KITTY,” said Mrs. Brown to her little girl, “you were eleven last week, and your sister was a great help to me before she was so old as you are. I am going out this afternoon to see your cousin George, who has got his leg badly hurt, and I won’t be back till six o’clock. It has just struck three, and I shall leave you to get everything ready for father’s dinner; you must light the fire in the oven at four, and put in the pie to be heated, and have the kettle boiling, and the potatoes cooked, and the house tidied when he comes home. You have plenty of time, and see that you mind what I have told you, and don’t be thoughtless.”

“Never fear, mother,” said Kitty, “I’ll do

everything as nicely as sister Ann ever did it."

"Well, we shall see," was her mother's reply ; and off she went.

Now Kitty Brown was as kind-hearted a girl as ever breathed, and no one could be more ready to do a favour than she was ; but her mother was quite vexed to see how thoughtless she was, especially as she was growing big, and would soon have to go to service ; so she thought she would just leave her to herself a little, to try and convince her of the necessity of guarding against thoughtlessness. When her mother had gone out, Kitty began with great good will to put things to rights : she put on the kettle, and began to sweep the house. When she had finished she looked out of the window to see what o'clock it was on the town steeple.

"Just half-past three, I declare," she said to herself ; "I wonder what I will find to do till six o'clock ;" and not thinking of any-

thing at the time, she just remained looking out of the window for lack of anything better to do. After a few minutes she drew in her head, and on looking round saw that the kettle had boiled over, and wet all the floor. "What a provoking kettle," she exclaimed ; "I never saw such a kettle as that—it is always boiling over with me ; I shall have to wash part of the floor with its nonsense." The kettle was just like any other kettle, but Kitty was a little angry at having the extra work to do. However, there was no help for it ; she lifted down the kettle, and put it on the fender, and set to washing the floor. Before she had quite done, the clock struck four, and Kitty remembered that she was to light the fire under the oven when four struck. "Dear me," she said, starting to her feet, "I should have had the fire lit by this time, and I have not got the sticks broken yet, all along of that nasty kettle." She went out to the court and fetched in some sticks, but they were too

long to go into the oven-fire, and she could not break them across her knee. "Never mind," she thought, "I'll put them on the fender and jump on them." And so she did; but at the very first jump she upset the kettle again, which she had thoughtlessly placed on the fender, and all the water ran out.

Poor little Kitty was dreadfully distressed at this new mishap, for which, however, she blamed not her own thoughtlessness, but the kettle, and the sticks, and the innocent fender. It was some time before she got the water dried up, and some time longer before the fire was kindled; and when at last it did begin to burn, she shut the little furnace door, and forgot to leave any place for air to get in, so that when she opened the grate to see how the fire was getting on, she found it was quite black. She had to break more sticks, and go through all the work again, and five 'struck just as the fire was beginning to burn, and she had put the pie in. She had to go

out again for coals to mend both fires, and when she had put them to rights, it only wanted three-quarters of the time when her father and mother were to be home.

“Well,” she thought to herself, “I’ll have plenty of time yet, for all the mischief that that nasty kettle has done.” Thinking of the kettle reminded her that it must be empty after its double downfall, and finding on examination that it was so, she went to the pitcher in which the water was kept, but it too was empty. “Things always go wrong with me,” she exclaimed pettishly ; “there, I shall have to go for water ; however I shall take the small pitcher, and run as fast as I can, and I shall be ready in time yet.” So saying, she set off with a little pitcher that held just about half a kettleful, and ran along the street, and round into the court where the pump was. She soon filled her pitcher, and ran off at the top of her speed, looking carefully at the pitcher that she might not spill

any. But people, whether old or young, must look before them when they are running ; and Kitty, forgetting this, ran against another girl as she turned the corner, and spilt most of the water, besides getting a scolding from the other for her clumsiness. Vexed and flurried, for it was just a quarter to six, she ran back to the pump, and after waiting very impatiently till a woman filled a large tub, she again replenished her pitcher, and this time succeeded in conveying it home without the loss of a drop.

She filled the kettle, and as she saw that it wanted just ten minutes to six, she sat down to blow the fire to make the kettle boil. The fire burned up bravely, the kettle began to sing, and Kitty's spirits rose. "I'll not be beat after all," she said to herself "and mother will not be able to find fault with me for thoughtlessness, for everything will be ready. Here's the kettle singing merrily, and I daresay the oven is nice and hot ;" and

to make sure, she opened the door and put in her hand to touch the pie ; “ I’m sure the pie will be nice, it feels so hot, and then—oh dear me,” she exclaimed all of a sudden, changing her voice and letting fall the bellows, “ how provoking, I’ve forgot all about the potatoes, but I’ll soon wash them and put them on to boil.” She went for water, but there was none : “ How unfortunate I am,” she said, throwing down the pitcher, “ why did I take that stupid little pitcher that holds nothing ? things always go worse with me than with anybody else.” Six began to strike, and she heard the bell ringing at the manufactory where her father worked, as she ran once more to the pump, anxiously hoping that he might not come straight home that evening. She filled her pitcher, and bore it home in haste ; but when she reached the door, she heard her father and mother laughing inside, and overpowered with a feeling of shame and excitement, she burst

into tears as she laid down the pitcher on the floor. Her father and mother spoke gently to her upon the bad consequences of her thoughtlessness, and she has ever since been trying very hard to improve.



A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER SLEEPING CHILD.

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps;
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy—

“Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy;
No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;

Bright as his manly sire the son shall be
In form and soul ; but, ah ! more blest than he !
Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love at last,
Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past,
With many a smile my solitude repay,
And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.

“ And say, when summoned from the world and
thee,

I lay my head beneath the willow tree,
Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner ! at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering near ?
Oh, wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed ;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse on the last farewell I leave behind,
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love, and all my woe ? ”

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply ;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name ;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps with holy look his evening prayer,

Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear ;
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile ;
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

CAMPBELL.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

JAMES and ANDREW TEMPLE had been sent down from London to spend a few holidays with their uncle George, a farmer in Hampshire. James was nine years old, and Andrew was eight ; and as they had never been in the country before, they rambled about the whole day enjoying themselves in the fields and woods. In the evening their uncle amused them by telling stories about country wonders, or explaining the objects which, though familiar to every country boy, were quite novel to young Londoners. They had

become quite attached to a boy not much older than themselves, who was employed on the farm ; and one evening when they had often spoken of Philip, which was the boy's name, their uncle told them the history of little Philip, who had been left when quite an infant, without either father or mother. "He had no one but his old grandfather to take care of him," said uncle George, "and it was little the old man was able to give him, but he taught him one good lesson, which he has learned and practised well, that *honesty is the best policy*. Your papa has a deal of money, and you may never need to work as poor Philip does, but whatever you may have to do, just be as honest as he is, and you will be sure to prosper."

"But what is the meaning of *best policy*?" asked Andrew, who did not quite understand these words. "I know what it is to be honest ; it is to give our neighbour what is

his, and to love fair play and not to cheat ; but I don't know what *policy* is."

"*Policy*," said his uncle, "is just the *way of managing* ; and the meaning of the lesson which Philip's grandfather taught him so well, is that honesty is the best way of managing our affairs, for we are most certain to do well in the end if we do honestly."

"But sometimes people get on well who are not honest, don't they?" inquired James. "I know there was a grocer beside us, who, they say, made a lot of money by using light weights. I remember quite well when he gave up his shop ; and he has gone away to live at a distance ; for those round about, all thought him a cheat."

"Why, my dear boy," his uncle answered, "don't you see that if he has gained money by being dishonest, he has lost his character, and is so ashamed, that he is obliged to go and live where nobody knows him ? Then, you know, there are persons appointed to look

after the weights used in shops, and very few who use light weights can go on without being found out, and then they are disgraced and fined, and have to pay, perhaps, more money than they gained by cheating, and lose their customers into the bargain. And even if they are not found out, they must always feel afraid of being detected, and this will give them more trouble and uneasiness than their dishonest gain is worth. Besides, remember the lesson of Philip's grandfather was, that honesty was the *best* policy. There are many *other* ways of getting on and growing rich in the world, some of them much faster and less laborious than that of honesty but it is notwithstanding the *best*."

"Then, why is not every one honest, uncle?" asked the boys, "if honesty is best."

"Can you not answer that question yourselves?" he replied; "think now, why would the grocer use light weights?"

“I suppose,” said James, “because he thought he would make money faster.”

“Just so,” rejoined the uncle ; “that was just the reason. People see a chance of succeeding in something with very little trouble, if they practise dishonesty, when it would need long labour to succeed by honest means ; and so they take the short cut. But honesty is best in the long run ; for even if we did get on well by dishonesty, God will punish us for it at last.”

“Ah ! now I remember, at school, a boy got a good mark because he said he had done seventeen sums right ; but when his slate was examined it was found that he had only twelve right, and he got no mark at all, for trying to cheat, and was well laughed at by all of us. And he always cheats at his lessons, and everything else ; he copies his exercises ; he looks on when all books ought to be shut ; and in this way he sometimes gets above the others ; and in the play-

ground he acts so unfairly at cricket and marbles, that we often won't let him play with us. I am sure it would be far better for him to be honest than to hear every one call him a cheat ; and besides, uncle, he often cheats when he does not gain anything by it. I wonder what makes him do that."

"It is because he has learned the habit of being dishonest, my dear boy," said the uncle ; "and when one learns to be dishonest, he finds it very hard, to leave off. It is just like telling lies, when you once begin, you don't know how far you may go ; and therefore the only safe plan is not to begin at all. Never fear to be honest ; you may lose by it at the time, but you will have the approval of your conscience, and all who love what is right ; you will never be ashamed to look any one in the face ; and it will be very strange indeed if, in the long run, you don't find *honesty the best policy.*"

THE TWO LITTLE MERCHANTS.

PART I.

THE streets of Naples are at all times crowded with boys earning a livelihood by selling fish, fruit, sweetmeats, sticks, and other articles. These little merchants are not long in finding out the advantage of truth and honesty in their dealings ; for even the most cunning cheat is sure to be at last detected and disgraced. Peter and Francis, two of these merchants, were equal in birth, fortune, and capacity, but different in their education, and consequently in their habits and conduct. Francis was the son of an honest gardener, who, from the time he could speak, taught him to love to speak the truth ; shewed him that liars are never believed—that cheats and thieves cannot be trusted, and that the shortest way to obtain a good character was to deserve it. The boy pro-

fited much by his father's precepts, and more by his example. He always heard his father speak the truth, and saw that he dealt fairly with everybody. In all his childish traffic, Francis was scrupulously honest, and therefore all his companions trusted him: "*As honest as Francis*," became a sort of proverb among them.

"*As honest as Francis*," said Peter's father, when he one day heard this saying; "let them say so: I say '*as sharp as Peter*,' and let us see which will go through the world best." With the idea of making his son sharp, he made him cunning; he taught him that to make a good bargain was to deceive as to the value of what he sold, and to take advantage of the ignorance of his customers, so as to get as much money as possible from them. He was a fisherman, and as his gains depended more upon fortune than upon prudence, he trusted habitually to his good luck. After being idle for a whole day, he would

cast his line or his nets, and if he was lucky enough to catch a fine fish, he would go and shew it in triumph to his neighbour the gardener. "You are obliged to work all day long for your daily bread," he would say; "look here, I work but five minutes, and I have not only daily bread, but daily fish." Little Peter, who used to bask in the sun upon the sea-shore beside his father, and to lounge or sleep away his time in a fishing-boat, acquired habits of idleness, which seemed to his father of little consequence whilst he was but a child. "What will you do with Peter as he grows up, neighbour?" said the gardener; "he is smart and quick enough, but he is always in mischief. Scarcely a day has passed for this fortnight but I have caught him amongst my grapes." "He is but a child yet, and knows no better," replied the fisherman. "But if you don't teach him better, now he is a child, how will he know better when he is a man?" said the

gardener. "A mighty noise about a bunch of grapes, truly!" cried the fisherman; "a few grapes more or less in your vineyard, what does it signify?" "I speak for your son's sake, and not for the sake of my grapes," said the gardener; "and I tell you again, the boy will not do well in the world, neighbour, if you don't look after him in time." "He'll do well enough in the world, you will find," answered the fisherman, carelessly; "whenever he casts my nets, they never come up empty—'it is better to be lucky than wise.'"

When Peter's father had returned home after this conversation, he said to his son, "Here, Peter, take these fish to Naples, and let us see how you will sell them for me. I was too late with them at the market yesterday; but nobody will know but what they are just fresh out of the water, unless you go and tell them." "Not I, trust me for that; I'm not such a fool," replied Peter, laughing. "I leave that to Francis. Do you know, I

saw him the other day miss selling a melon for his father by turning the bruised side to the customer, who was just laying down the money for it, and who was a raw servant-boy, moreover—one who would never have guessed there were two sides to a melon, if he had not, as you say, father, been told of it.” “Off with you to market ; you are a droll chap,” said his father, “and will sell my fish cleverly, I’ll be bound. As to the rest, let every man take care of his own grapes. You understand me, Peter ?” “Perfectly,” said the boy, who perceived that his father was indifferent as to his honesty, provided he sold the fish for a high price.

He proceeded to the market, and he offered his fish with assiduity to every person whom he thought likely to buy them, especially to those upon whom he thought he could impose. He positively asserted to all who looked at his fish that they were just fresh out of the water. Good judges of fish knew

that what he said was false, and passed him by with neglect ; but it was at last, what he called, his good luck to meet with the very same raw servant^a boy who would have bought the bruised melon from Francis. He made up to him directly, crying “Fish ! Fine fresh fish ! Fresh fish !” Were they caught to-day ?” said the boy. “Yes, this morning ; not an hour ago,” said Peter, with the greatest effrontery. The servant boy was imposed upon ; and, being a foreigner, speaking the Italian language but imperfectly, and not being expert at reckoning the Italian money, he was no match for the cunning Peter, who cheated him not only as to the freshness, but as to the price of the fish. Peter received nearly half as much again for his fish as he ought to have done.

THE TWO LITTLE MERCHANTS.

PART II.

ON his road home, Peter overtook Francis, who was driving his father's ass, heavily laden with large panniers full of kitchen refuse to be used as manure in his father's garden. "Look here, Francis," he said, showing the money, "all this was had for asking for, and by using my wits; not as you did yesterday, when, like a fool, you showed the bruised side of the melon, and spoiled the market by your wisdom."

"I think it wisdom still," answered Francis, "and so does my father."

"Well, my father and I are of a different opinion. Do you know, I got off the fish to-day that my father could not sell yesterday in the market; I got it off for fresh; and got twice as much as the market price for it; and from whom think you? why, from the very,

booby that would have bought the bruised melon for a sound one if you would have let him. You'll allow I'm no fool, and that I am in a fair way to grow rich, if I go on as I have begun."

"Stay," said Francis, "you forget that the booby you took in to-day will not be so easily taken in to-morrow. He will buy no more fish from you, because he will be afraid of your cheating him; but he will be ready enough to buy fruit from me, because he knows I shall not cheat him; so you will have lost a customer and I shall have gained one."

"With all my heart," said Peter; "one customer does not make a market; if he buys no more fish from me, what care I? there are people enough to buy fish in Naples."

"And do you mean to serve them all in the same manner?"

"If they will only be so good as to give me leave," said Peter laughing.

"But," said Francis, "have you never considered that all these people will, one after another, find you out in time?"

"Ay, in time; but it will be some time first; there are a great many of them, enough to last me all summer, if I lose a customer a-day," said Peter.

"And next summer what will you do?"

"Next summer is not come yet; there is time enough to think what I shall do before next summer comes. Why, now, suppose the blockheads, after they had been taken in and found it out, all joined against me, and bought none of my fish—what then? Are there no trades but that of fishermen? Are there not a hundred ways of making money for a smart lad like me? There are trades enough, man."

"Yes, for the honest dealer," said Francis, "but for no other; for in all of them you'll find, as my father says, that a good character is the best fortune to set up with. Change

your trade ever so often, you'll be found out for what you are at last."

"And what am I, pray?" said Peter angrily.

By this time they had reached the village where they lived ; Peter went in to tell his father the capital bargain he had made, and was highly praised by him for his ingenuity and sharpness. "That is the way, my boy, to get on in the world. Sharpness against honesty any day."

Francis, in the meantime, after depositing the load which he had brought with him from town, returned again for another, thinking with himself, that after all, though his work was hard, and his gain was small, yet in the end he was more likely to do well than Peter with all his cunning. He continued to be honest in his dealings, and as he never cheated any one, the number of his customers daily increased, and they were so kind to him, and placed so much

confidence in what he told them, that he had more and more reason every day to trust to his father's maxim—"Honesty is the best policy!"

THE TWO LITTLE MERCHANTS.

PART III.

THE foreign servant lad to whom Francis had so honestly, or as Peter said, so sillily shewn the bruised side of the melon, was an Englishman. The next time he met Peter in the market he happened to be in company with several other English servants, and he pointed out Peter to them as an arrant knave; and they laughed at him as he cried, "Fresh fish, fine fresh fish!" He lost more by not selling his fish to these people than he had gained the day before by cheating the servant. The market was well supplied, and he could not get rid of his cargo. "Is not this truly pro-

voking?" said he to Francis, who was selling fruit for his father. "Look, my basket is as heavy as when I left home, and look at 'em yourself; they really are fine fresh fish to-



day, and yet, because that revengeful servant told how I took him in yesterday, not one of yonder crowd would buy them; and they are really fresh to-day."

“So they are,” said Francis, “but you said so yesterday when they were not, and he that was duped then is not ready to believe you to-day. How does he know that you deserve it better?”

“He might have looked at the fish, they are fresh to-day.”

“Ay,” said Francis, “but as my father said to you once—‘A scalded dog dreads cold water.’”

As they were speaking, the English lad came up smiling to Francis, and taking up a fine pine-apple, he said, “I need not look at the other side of this, you will tell me if it is not as good as it looks ; name your price, I know it will be an honest one ; and as to the rest, I am able and willing to pay for what I buy.”

All the summer the English servant was an excellent customer to Francis, and, as he told others of the honesty of the little merchant, he induced them to patronize him. Peter the cunning, did not make such a suc-

cessful summer's work as Francis the honest. He went on with his old plan of imposing, as far as he could, on all who dealt with him, and the consequence was, that at last nobody would deal with him. His father, amongst others, had reason to complain ; he saw his old customers fall off from him, and was told, whenever he went to the market, that his son was such a cheat there was no dealing with him. One day, when returning from market in a very bad humour from hearing these reproaches, and not finding any purchasers, he espied his smart son Peter at a little merchant's fruit-board, greedily devouring a fine gourd. " Where, glutton, do you find money to pay for this ?" he demanded ; and as Peter's mouth was too full to answer, he put his hand into his son's pocket, and pulled forth a handful of silver.

" It is the money, father," said Peter, " that I got for the fish yesterday, and that I meant to give you to-day before you went out."

“Then, I’ll make you remember it again another time, sirrah!” said his father. “Am I to lose my customers by your tricks, and then find you here filling your stomach with my money? You are a rogue, and everybody has found you out; and you are the worst of rogues for you have been cheating your father.” So saying, he seized Peter, and gave him a severe beating in the very middle of the fruit market.

The beating did Peter no good; it was vengeance, not punishment. Peter saw that his father was in a passion, and had beaten him, not for being a rogue, but for being found out; so, though he writhed with pain as he left the market after his drubbing, he never thought of trying honest ways. His father had trained him all his life to be *smart*, not to be *honest*, and it was not easy to forget such an education. He went to the market as usual, but he found out the truth of what Francis had told him, that “in all trades a

good character was the best fortune to set up with." No one would trust him ; he had usually to carry back his fish unsold ; and his father, enraged at him for making such a bad market, used to beat him, and turned him out into the streets, as unworthy of food or clothes. He tried other trades, but his dishonest habits soon deprived him of customers in them also ; and, as like seeks to like, he began to associate with a band of idle, dissolute lads, who lived mainly by stealing. Having once lost his character, and begun an evil course, he found it impossible to stop. His comrades threatened to inform the police on him if he ever betrayed any wish to amend ; and after a career of guilt he was at last seized while committing a robbery, and was banished.

Francis went to work during the summer in his usual honest way, thinking only of doing his duty honestly as his father had always taught him to do. His good conduct

attracted the notice of the master of the English servant, who was a young, wealthy nobleman, that had come to Naples for the benefit of his health. By his kindness he was enabled to devote a few hours a-day to learning. His father had been too poor to give him any education ; but as he applied diligently he speedily made progress, and the patronage of the English gentleman and his friends procured for him a respectable office in the Government service. He discharged his duties in this higher sphere with the same zeal and honesty which he had shewn in a lower position ; and just at the time when his former companion was banished he was appointed to an office which enabled him to sustain in comfort not only himself, but his beloved father, to whose lessons he was so much indebted for his success in life.

Adapted from Miss EDGEWORTH.



THE HONEST AND THE DISHONEST POOR.

POOR, yet industrious, modest, quiet, neat,
Such claim compassion in a night like this,
And have a friend in ev'ry feeling heart.
Warm'd while it lasts, by labour, all day long
They brave the season, and yet find at eve,

Ill clad and fed but sparely, time to cool.
The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear,
But dying soon, like all terrestrial joys.
The few small embers left she nurses well ;
And, while her infant race, with outspread hands,
And crowded knees, sit cowering o'er the sparks,
Retires, content to quake, so they be warm'd.
The man feels least, as more inur'd than she
To winter, and the current in his veins
More briskly mov'd by his severer toil ;
Yet he too finds his own distress in theirs.
The taper soon extinguish'd, which I saw
Dangled along at the cold finger's end
Just when the day declined ; and the brown loaf
Lodged on the shelf, half-eaten without sauce
Of sav'ry cheese, or butter costlier still ;
Sleep seems their only refuge : for, alas !
Where penury is felt, the thought is chained,
And sweet colloquial pleasures are but few.
With all this thrift they thrive not. All the care
Ingenious parsimony takes, but just
Saves the small inventory, bed, and stool,
Skillet, and old carved chest, from public sale.
They live, and live without extorted alms
From grudging hands, but other boast have none,

168 THE HONEST AND DISHONEST POOR.

To soothe their honest pride that scorns to beg,
Nor comfort else, but in their mutual love.
But be ye of good courage ! Time itself
Shall much befriend you. Time shall give increase.

Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder ; much solicitous how best
He may compensate for a day of sloth
By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong.
Woe to the gardener's pale, the farmer's hedge,
Plash'd neatly, and secured with driven stakes
Deep in the loamy bank. Uptorn by strength,
Resistless in so bad a cause, but lame
To better deeds, he bundles up the spoil,
An ass's burthen, and when laden most
And heaviest, light of foot steals fast away.
Nor this to feed his own. 'T were some excuse,
Did pity of their sufferings warp aside
His principle, and tempt him into sin
For their support, so destitute. But they
Neglected pine at home ; themselves, as more
Exposed than others with less scruple made
His victims, robb'd of their defenceless all.

COWPER.

INDOLENCE.

EVERY year there are thousands of persons who are taken to court, and tried, and punished for theft and dishonesty. If we were to ask any of them what it was that made them have recourse to dishonest practices, most of them would tell us that they began with being lazy. They thought it too much trouble to work hard for their living, when they might get more by stealing, with less labour, and so they learned to steal. And, besides, they will tell us that they learned to be indolent when they were young—that they disliked learning lessons, or going to school, or running errands, or doing work for their parents ; and cared for nothing but sauntering about the streets, or lolling about the fields in the sun, where they met idle companions like themselves, who only laughed at them when they talked of giving up their

idle habits, and who soon taught them many things that were very wicked and dishonest.

Now, every one who begins by being idle does not go on to be dishonest, or there would be a great many more thieves than there are ; but indolence itself is bad enough, even if we should not learn anything worse. When we grow up, unless our fathers are very rich, we know we shall have to work for ourselves ; and we do not need anybody to tell us, that if we are indolent and work badly, we shall not succeed, but shall come to poverty. Nobody would employ an indolent boy, for he would either do only a very small quantity of work—much less than a diligent boy will do for the same wages—or he will do it so carelessly that it will be spoiled, and have to be done over again by some one who is more careful. And we know, moreover, that in all those trades and professions which are well paid, we must go through a long apprenticeship before we

know how to do the work properly ; and if we are too indolent to learn this, or if we learn it in an indolent way, then we shall have to betake ourselves to some common, ill-paid, and dirty trade, and be content with such pay as indolent workers can expect to receive. We do not often think of these things ; but we know that our parents often do, for they are often speaking about them to us, and warning us against indolence.

There is scarcely anything that can be learned so easily as indolence. Everything else takes some trouble to learn, but indolence requires none ; we learn it without any effort ; and, indeed, it requires a good deal of effort not to learn it. It is so much easier to be idle than to be industrious, that unless we are always on our guard, we shall often find ourselves giving way to indolence. But if it is not easy to avoid giving way to sloth, it is far more difficult to break off the habit of being indolent when it has once

been formed. If we indulge in laziness when we are young, we shall only get worse as we grow older, until at last the habit will be too strong for us to overcome it, and we shall find out, when it is too late, the mischief which our indolence has done us. We think we are so young, and time moves so slowly, that we can afford to be idle for a while; but our parents and teachers tell us that time moves very fast, and that it will be our own faults if it ever hangs heavy on our hands. And besides all this, we are told at church that it is a sin to be indolent, and that we will have to give an account at the last day of the use that we have made of our time. We often feel ashamed now when we think how little we do, and how much greater will be our confusion then, when the time for working to make amends for our indolence will be past.

And we can easily see that indolence leads to a great many bad habits. If we were in

difficulty, we know that there would be very little use in asking aid from any of our companions who were given to idleness. They might be willing enough to aid us, but we know quite well that if it costs any trouble to help us, they will rather leave us in our misfortune than undergo the least fatigue ; and thus we see that indolence will make us selfish ; and if we become selfish, then we know that others will dislike us, and will not care about shewing us any kindness. An indolent boy thinks he will get through the world with least trouble and most pleasure ; but he is very much mistaken. He will have fewer pleasures than others ; for as he is sure to become selfish, no one will make any great effort to please him—he will be always getting into difficulties with his parents and teachers about his idleness ; and even his play-fellows will find that he is quite a pest to them in their sports, and will give over playing with him. And he will

have more troubles than the diligent boy, both when he is young, and far more when he grows up. The one may expect to succeed well in the world—the other can hardly look for anything but disappointment and misfortune.

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard—I heard him complain,
“ You have waked me too soon, I must slumber
again.”

As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

“ A little more sleep, and a little more slumber,”
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without
number :

And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn, and the thistle, grow broader and higher ;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags ;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had taken more care for improving his mind :
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking,
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, " Here's a lesson for me,
That man's but a picture of what *I* might be ;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

DR. WATTS.



DAY-DREAMING.

DREAMING during the day is just like dreaming during the night ; it is thinking about matters that have no concern with our present business. Many people who would be very angry if they were accused of leading an idle life, spend much of their time in day-dreaming, which is just another species of

idleness ; for we are not to suppose that we are industrious merely because we are employed in some way or other ; we must be engaged on something that is connected with our duties. When a little girl who has been sent by her mamma to sew a piece of work, after a few stitches, lays down her seam, and sits thinking how pleasant it would be to be a grand lady, to have no seams to sew, and no lessons to learn, but to order servants to do everything for her, to live in a grand house, and drive about in a fine carriage, to wear splendid dresses, and to be able to buy everything that she could wish for ; this is what people call day-dreaming. If her mamma were to come in, and on seeing how little she had done, were to scold her for being idle, would she not laugh, if her little girl were to answer that she had not been idle, but had been very busy indeed, thinking about the pleasure of being a grand lady ?

There are many little boys and girls who

spend their time in this way, as well as many grown-up men and women. Many little boys sit down to prepare their lessons, and after learning a few lines, they get tired, and set to thinking how they will act when they grow big, how they will become brave soldiers ; or how they will grow very rich, or very clever, or very learned ; how they will become famous and make a great figure in the world. But it is very curious that we almost never read of great men who have spent their boyhood in this way. They determined to use every means to become great ; but instead of thinking about what they would do afterwards, they gave all their attention to what they were doing at the time. We would think it very ridiculous if we saw a man sitting at the bottom of a high steeple, thinking what a splendid view he would have from the top when he got up, and yet never taking a single step upwards. But this is just what those boys and girls do who spend their time in

thinking how great and clever they will be when they grow up, and in the meantime neglect to attend to their studies and to acquire the habit of persevering industry, without which no one can ever be great.

And this is not the only fault of day-dreaming—it not only wastes the time during which we should be diligent, and thus renders it unlikely that we shall succeed in reaching that which we are always dreaming of reaching—but it is very apt to make us discontented with our present situation. After thinking how pleasant it would be to be rich, and grown up, and have no lessons to learn, and no work to do, we are very apt to grumble and be sulky when we are set to prepare our tasks, or do anything to oblige our parents. If we were just to try, we should be sure to find that what our parents and teachers say is true, that the best way to get on well in the world is to be industrious when we are young; and that there is no better way of

enjoying ourselves and being happy than by being diligent. Those who are industrious are happy when at their work, feel a greater pleasure than others do in any relaxation or amusement, and are able to comfort themselves in the midst of their toil, with the thought that they are doing their duty, and the prospect of being rewarded by future success for present labour.

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CASTLES IN THE AIR.

ALNASCHAR was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of a hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in

order to make the best of it, laid it out in bottles, glasses, and the finest earthenware. These he piled up in a large open basket; and, having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture, with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought; and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner:—"This basket," said he, "cost me at the wholesale merchant's a hundred drachmas, which was all I had in the world. I shall quickly make two hundred of it by selling it in retail. These two hundred drachmas will in a very little while rise to four hundred, which, of course, will amount in time to four thousand. Four thousand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thousand. As soon as by these means I am master of ten thousand, I will lay aside my trade of a glass-man, and turn jeweller.

I shall then deal in diamonds, pearls, and all sorts of rich stones. When I have got together as much wealth as I can well desire, I will make a purchase of the finest house I can find, with lands, slaves, and horses. I shall then begin to enjoy myself and make a noise in the world. I will not, however, stop there, but still continue my traffic until I have got together a hundred thousand drachmas. When I have thus made myself master of a hundred thousand drachmas, I shall naturally set myself on the footing of a prince, and will demand the grand vizier's daughter in marriage.

“When I have brought the princess to my house, I shall take particular care to breed her in due respect for me. To this end, I shall confine her to her own apartments, make her a short visit, and talk but little to her. Her women will represent to me that she is inconsolable by reason of my unkindness; but I shall still remain inexorable.

Her mother will then come and bring her daughter to me, as I am seated on a sofa. The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling herself at my feet, and beg me to receive her into my favour. Then will I, to imprint her with a thorough veneration for my person, draw up my legs, and spurn her from me with my foot, in such a manner that she shall fall down several paces from the sofa."

Alnaschar was entirely swallowed up in his vision, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts ; so that, unluckily striking his basket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glasses to a great distance from him into the street, and broke them into ten thousand pieces.

ADDISON.

THE SWALLOW AND THE TORTOISE.

A TORTOISE in a garden's bound,
An ancient inmate of the place,
Had left his winter quarters under ground,
And with a sober pace
Was crawling o'er a sunny bed,
And thrusting from his shell his pretty toad-like
head.

Just come from sea, a swallow,
As to and fro he nimbly flew,
Beat out old racer hollow :
At length he stopt direct in view,
And said, " Acquaintance brisk and gay,
How have you fared this many a day ? "

" Thank you," replied the close housekeeper,
" Since you and I last autumn parted,
I've been a precious sleeper,
And never stirred nor started,
But in my hole I lay as snug
As the cat dozing on the rug ;
Nor did I put my head abroad
Till all the snow and ice were thaw'd."

" But I," rejoined the bird,
" Who love cold weather just as well as you,

THE STATION

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

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1. *Staphylococcus aureus*

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Soon as the warning blasts I heard,
 Away I flew,
 And mounting in the wind,
 Left gloomy winter far behind.
 Directed by the mid-day sun,
 O'er sea and land my venturous course I steered,
 Nor was my distant journey done
 Till Afric's verdant coast appeared.
 There, all the season long,
 I chased gay butterflies and gnats,
 And gave my negro friends a morning song,
 And housed at night among the bats.
 Then, at the call of spring,
 I northward turn'd my wing,
 And here again her joyous message bring."

"Pooh! what a deal of needless ranging,"
 Returned the reptile grave,
 "For ever hurrying, bustling, changing;
 As if it were your life to save!
 Why need you visit foreign nations?
 Rather like me, and some of your relations,
 Take out a pleasant half-year's nap,
 Secure from trouble and mishap."

"A pleasant nap, indeed," replied the swallow,
 "When I can neither see nor fly,
 The bright example I may follow ;

Till then, in truth, not I !
I only measure time by its employment,
And only value life for life's enjoyment.
As good be buried all at once,
As doze out half one's days like you, you stupid
dunce."

EVENINGS AT HOME.

CONCEIT.

IF any boys or girls wish to make themselves ridiculous, they could not possibly adopt a better plan than that of showing that they are conceited. It is not easy to keep conceit concealed ; and, indeed, those who are conceited do not wish very much to hide their fault, but are rather anxious that they should attract general attention. They suppose that every one admires them, but they are very much mistaken ; every body who sees their conceit laughs at it, and takes a pleasure in pointing it out to others who may join in the

ridicule. It is usually boys and girls who do not know very much that are conceited, and this is what makes people so inclined to laugh. All that even the wisest boys and girls can know seems so very trifling in the eyes of men of sense, that they are quite amused at any one being conceited about it ; and how much more ridiculous must it seem when those who are not clever take airs to themselves, as if they were worthy of everybody's admiration

Almost all the great men of whom we read, have been remarkable, not for being conceited about the amount of their knowledge, but for their modesty. Sir Isaac Newton, one of the wisest men whom our country has ever produced, was in the habit of saying that he considered all his knowledge as no more in comparison with what remained unknown than a few shells are to the innumerable shells that lie on the shores of ocean. Socrates, who was esteemed by

the ancients the wisest man in Greece, used to say, that all his study had taught him only one thing, that he knew nothing. Had such men as these been proud of their knowledge, they would not have been very much blamed for it ; but when we see them humbled and made modest by their learning, we naturally suppose that it is only those who have very little wisdom that feel elated by it. If we hear a little boy or girl talking a great deal about their knowledge of Latin or French, we are very apt to believe that in reality they know very little about these languages, and we only laugh at their vanity and conceit.

Everybody has heard the story of the Old Philosopher and the Young Lady. The one had spent a long life in the pursuit of knowledge, and was esteemed by every one a perfect prodigy of wisdom ; and yet he was constantly regretting the narrow limits, and imperfect, inaccurate character of his knowledge. "After all my study," he would say,

“how very much remains of which I know nothing! and how frequently I am reminded that even in those branches of knowledge of which I fancy that I know something, there is much that I do not thoroughly understand.” The Young Lady again, who had just returned from school, and had finished her seventeenth year, thought herself brimful of knowledge, although she had only acquired a very superficial acquaintance with a few showy accomplishments, which could at best only serve to amuse an idle hour, and knew little or nothing that would qualify her for the duties of her station in life.

But if it is foolish to boast of what we know, to be proud of what we have learned by our own industry, how perfectly ridiculous must it be to boast of our fine clothes, or our grand house, or our beautiful face, or our tall figure. We have no merit in these; if our father is rich, and has a fine house, we ought to be thankful that we are so well off;

but it is quite absurd to boast of such things, for we have done nothing to make our father wealthy. And people not only laugh at boys or girls who show themselves conceited, they soon learn to dislike them, for they think and speak so much of themselves that they are very unpleasant companions. And what is even worse than that, conceited children soon learn to be obstinate and self-willed ; they are easily deceived by any one who pretends to admire their abilities ; and they look with contempt and hatred on those who refuse to flatter them, and to listen with proper respect to their long stories in their own praise.

IF I WERE YOU.



WHEN I was a little boy, and had but little knowledge in my head, I was very fond of telling other people what to do. "If I were you," I used to say to those about me, "I would not do things as you do." In doors and out, in the town or the country, it was the same; I always saw something wrong, and always gave my advice how to make it right. For some time I had my own way, for my parents were too indulgent. But I was thoroughly convinced of my folly when I was on a long visit to my uncle Oliver, a plain, honest farmer, cheerful in situation, and fond of a joke, but truly

pious, and one who never allowed anything that was wrong to pass unreprieved.

I had no sooner arrived at my uncle's farm, than I began to favour my cousins, who were much older and wiser than myself, with my advice. "*If I were you,*" said I to one of them, "I would not wear such thick, hob-nailed shoes, tied round the ankles ; for they are much heavier than mine, and not half so comfortable." "And, *if I were you,*" said I to the other, "I would have that dirty smock-frock of yours washed directly. If you were to come up to town in such a dirty frock, everybody would laugh at you." My cousins remained silent ; and I thought it odd that neither of them promised to do what I had advised. I did not confine my advice, however, to my cousins and their dress. As I was out walking with my uncle, we passed large heaps of manure piled up beside the stables and cow-houses. "*If I were you,* uncle," I began, "I would have that dirty

heap taken away directly. My father would never allow such a thing to be upon his premises. Clean straw might do well enough if it were kept tidy, but such a heap of dirt is not fit to be seen anywhere. *If I were you*, I would set the men to work directly to carry it away."

"Give me a little time to consider about it," said my uncle, winking to the old shepherd, who happened to be standing near; "give me a little time to consider about it. You city people are very clever, no doubt; but we country folk have our old-fashioned ways. I think I shall let the heap lie where it is a little longer, anyhow; and then, perhaps, I may take your advice." The next day, in the ploughed field, I again told my uncle how to proceed. "*If I were you*, uncle," said I, "I would have the ploughed field raked all over, and then it would not be half so rough as it is now. Our gardener always rakes over the ground that he has dug, and

he makes it so nice and smooth that it is beautiful to look at. *If I were you*, I would have the ploughed field raked." "A capital plan, Robert!" replied my uncle; "and if you will be kind enough just to rake over this one field—it is not above thirty, or five-and-thirty acres—why, if I like the look of it, I will have every ploughed field on the farm done in the same way;" but, as it suited me better to give advice than to follow it myself, I said nothing.

It happened that the hay in one of the meadows was carried rather too soon, so that when it was made into a rick, not being sufficiently dry, it heated, and began to smoke, and many thought that it would take fire. "Uncle! uncle!" said I, "*If I were you*, I would have it well sprinkled with water, and that will make all right, depend upon it." My uncle thanked me, but only gave orders to cut a hole from the top of the rick down to the middle of it, to give it air; but I

thought that my plan would have been a great deal the better of the two. When, towards harvest, I went out with my uncle into the corn fields, and saw the red poppies, and the blue corn-flowers growing among the wheat, and when we crossed a meadow, in one part of which were a few thistles in full bloom, again I began to advise him. "*If I were you, uncle,*" said I, looking very wisely, "I would have a great many more of those red and blue flowers among the wheat—they look so pretty! And as to the field there, why cannot you sow a few more thistles? The purple flower of the thistle is beautiful; you might make the field look like a garden. *If I were you,* I would lose no time in attending to these things." "Thank you, Robert," replied my uncle, "I will be sure to think over what you have said; thank you! thank you! What a pity it is that you do not live altogether in the country! We often want somebody to set us right; and you seem to have

a quick eye in your head, and to see everything."

Though my uncle Oliver had good-naturedly reproved me many times, my self-conceit was not at all abated. He saw therefore that a little more severity was necessary. It was when three farmers' sons from a distance called at the farm house, that he gave me the rebuke for which I have ever since had reason to be thankful. Under the plea of amusing his young friends, he addressed them in the following manner, when he knew that I was in the little room adjoining, listening to every word :—

"I will tell you," said he, "an amusing story. If there be a quality in young people that is to be commended, it is that of modesty or humility ; and if there be one to be blamed, it is that of self-conceit. Self-conceit shuts the door to improvement, and renders its possessor a laughing-stock to others.

"Some time ago, a little boy, brought up

in a town, came down into the country to pay me a visit ; and though he knew but very little, so eaten up was he with self-conceit, that he thought he knew a great deal. He soon began to give advice in matters about which he knew nothing : no wonder that people laughed at him in their sleeve. On every occasion that he gave his advice, he began with these words, " If I were you ; " until at last one or two of my young people nicknamed him ' Young If-I-were-you. ' " Here the colour came into my cheeks, for I perceived that my uncle was talking of me. He proceeded thus :—

" Not many minutes had my conceited young visitor been in the house before he began to advise my sons about their dress. ' If I were you, ' said he, ' I would never wear such thick hobnailed shoes as you do ; ' and, ' If I were you, ' I would have my dirty smock-frock washed directly. ' I have often thought I should like to see young self-con-

ceit in his thin-soled shoes, after walking a few hours in the dewy morning grass ; and in his clean smock-frock, carting rubbish, sowing soot, or fetching home a load of coals from the forest pits."

Here the young men laughed outright, and my face burned like a firecoal ; but on went my uncle thus :—

"And next I was taken in hand. Young Would-be-wise advised me by all means to get rid of my dung heap, little thinking how much I was indebted to it for my crops. 'If I were you,' said he, 'I would set the men to work directly to carry it away ;' and all this because it was not so genteel as what he had seen on the premises of his father."

The young men now laughed louder than ever. Hardly could they contain their mirth ; while I, sitting on thorns, only longed for my uncle to give over telling his story. To do this, however, he seemed to be in no hurry.

"And what think you he wanted me to

do after this?" said my uncle. "He wanted me to have all my ploughed fields raked over with a hand-rake, to make them smooth. A very pretty little bit of pastime, truly, at a time of year when we hardly know how to plough, sow, harrow, and roll fast enough, to rake over some two hundred and fifty broad acres of ploughed land! 'If I were you,' said he, 'I would have it raked all over, and then it would not be half so rough as it is now. Our gardener always rakes over the ground that he has dug; and he makes it so nice and smooth, that it looks beautiful.'"

It was quite as much as the young men could do to keep on their chairs: they laughed till the tears came into their eyes. To tell the truth, the tears came into mine too, but from a very different cause: theirs were tears of mirth, but mine were those of vexation and shame.

"I have not quite finished yet," said my uncle, waiting for a little for his young

friends to recover themselves. "Not content with instructing me how to manage my ploughed land, he was kind enough to give me a hint about my hay. It so happened, as it will sometimes, that my people were a little too anxious in getting the hay off the ground, for fear of a change in the weather ; the consequence was, that, being rather green, when set up in the rick it heated, and began to smoke. Young Self-conceit, not considering the difference between my green hay and the black coals on his father's parlour fire, advised me to apply water. 'If I were you,' said he, 'I would have it well sprinkled with water, and that will make it all right, depend upon it.'"

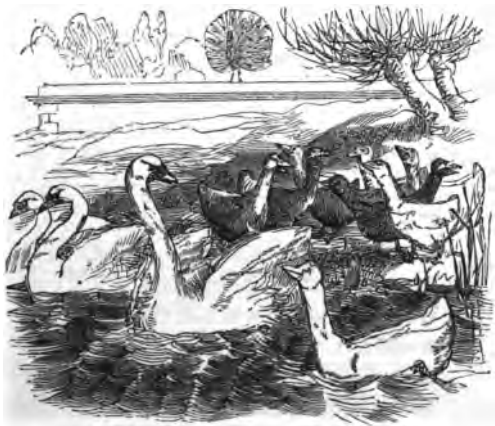
The young farmers, who knew all about heated hay, were so tickled with the notion of sprinkling it with water, that one peal of laughter succeeded another. What I endured the while is only known to myself.

My uncle then proceeded to shew up, in

a humorous way, my sage advice respecting the poppies, the corn-flowers, and the thistles, admitting that young Self-conceit was not without good qualities. "How the young wiseacre intended me to pay my rent, I cannot say ; but perhaps he thought my landlord would be very well satisfied if I presented him with a posy of purple thistles, red poppies, and blue corn-flowers !"

The young farmers enjoyed the story amazingly ; they laughed till they could laugh no longer, and I could hear them laughing and joking to each other as they directed their way homewards. When they had gone off, my uncle came and spoke to me. He talked very kindly, and said that he hoped what had been done would be a lesson to me to guard in future against self-conceit. I hope I have improved ; and at all events I have long given over saying, *If I were you.*

From Cheerful Chapters.



THE GOOSE AND THE SWAN.

I SCORN the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air ;
The lisping tone, the shape constrained,
The studied look, the passion feigned,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.

A goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,

With proud and elevated crest,
Precedence claimed above the rest.
Says she, " I laugh at human race,
Who say, geese hobble in their pace.
Look here ! such falsehood you'll detect ;
Not haughty man is so erect.
That peacock yonder ! see, how vain
The creature 's of his gaudy train !
If both were stripped, upon my word,
A goose would be the finer bird.
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock ? No ! "
Thus vaunting, 'cross the mead she stalks ;
The cackling breed attend her walks ;
The sun shot down his noontide beams,
The swans were sporting in the streams ;
Their snowy plumes and stately pride
Provoked her spleen. " Why, there," she cried,
" Again what arrogance we see !
Those creatures, how they mimic me !
Shall every fowl the waters skim,
Because we geese are known to swim ?
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern."
So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs ;

Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes,
Contempt and mockery ensued,
And laughter sounded o'er the flood.

A swan superior to the rest,
Sprang forth, and thus the fool addressed :
" Conceited thing, elate with pride,
Thy affectation all deride ;
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And shew thee plainly as thou art.
Among the equals of thy flock,
Thou hadst escaped the public mock ;
And, as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deemed an honest, hobbling goose."

Learn hence to study wisdom's rules ;
Know foppery is the vice of fools,
And striving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

CONTENTMENT.

THE Bible tells us that we "should be content with such things as we have." This does not, however, mean, that we should quietly submit

to every inconvenience or misfortune without making any effort to improve our situation. If a boy should be turned down to the bottom of his class, and should remain there quite satisfied, without attempting to recover his position ; or if a girl should fail in doing some work, and sit quite satisfied, without any second endeavour to succeed, no one would ever call this contentment. Every one sees that this is not the kind of contentment that the Bible recommends men to practise, but is just pure laziness. We ought never to remain satisfied with our position or our acquirements, so long as we can make them better by our own exertions and honest industry ; and we will be merely deceiving ourselves if we fancy that we are contented, because we choose to remain ignorant or poor, when a little pains might make us possessed of a decent portion both of wisdom and wealth. The contentment that would allow a girl to go in rags, or to live in the midst of dirt and

confusion ; or that would permit a boy to keep his garden all choked with weeds, because it would be too much trouble to put things to rights, does not deserve the name of contentment, and should be carefully avoided as a bad habit.

Quite different from this is the contentment which submits with patience to evils which it cannot remedy, and which is satisfied with its own condition, when that is suited to its talents, without grumbling at the superior happiness of others. When a farmer sees all his crops destroyed by the rain, or washed away by a flood ; when a merchant hears of his vessels being wrecked in a storm ; when a man loses all his property through the dishonesty of others ; when an accident takes away from us something on which we set a very high value ; it is then that men find it difficult to submit contentedly. And we are very apt to grumble if we have to work hard, and wear coarse clothes ; when we see others

born to succeed to large properties, or getting a great deal of money with scarcely any trouble. Now, this grumbling and discontent is wrong. If we have been born in a station in life where we need to work hard for our daily bread, we have no right to envy the position of others, whom God has placed beyond the need of such toil. We ought to do our duty faithfully, in the station which we occupy, endeavouring, as far as we can, to remove from it all that is disagreeable, and to make it as much better as possible ; and not repining when any unexpected misfortune overtakes us, or when we behold others more prosperous than we are.

It is not only wrong to be envious and discontented, it is also foolish. We will never make ourselves rich or wise by grumbling at those who have more money or knowledge than we have ; nor can we do any good by repining when rain prevents our amusements, or an accident destroys any of our playthings.

If, instead of repining, we set ourselves to learn diligently, or to work industriously, we shall soon find that we can make ourselves much better ; and in a free and happy country like ours, there is no saying what we may come to if we only be honest and diligent. At the same time, we must not suppose that by making ourselves richer, we shall be happier ; for happiness does not depend on money, and many who are rolling in wealth would part with much of it for the health and real pleasure which those in a lower station enjoy. We think that if we were in some other rank, or were of some other profession, or had more money, or something different from what we really have, we would be wiser, and do more good in the world ; but we do not know the disadvantages which attach to the position which we so much envy, or perhaps we would be better pleased to remain as we are. Perhaps, if we could know the secret wishes of those whom we

envy, we might be surprised to find that they were not satisfied with their own condition, and envied us. Nor should we forget, that after all we shall only be in the world for a short time, that our chief duty is to prepare for another world, and that it matters little though we should suffer some inconveniences here, if we are rewarded with eternal happiness hereafter.

THE FLYING FISH.—A FABLE.

THE flying fish, says the fable, had originally no wings, but being of an ambitious and discontented temper, she repined at always being confined to the waters, and wished to soar in the air. "If I could fly like the birds," said she, "I should not only see more of the beauties of nature, but I should be able to escape from those fish which are continually pursuing me, and which renders my life miserable." She therefore petitioned Jupiter

for a pair of wings ; and immediately she perceived her wings to expand. They suddenly grew to the length of her whole body, and became at the same time so strong as to do the office of a pinion. She was at first much pleased with her new powers, and looked with an air of disdain on all her former companions ; but she soon perceived herself exposed to new dangers. When flying in the air, she was incessantly pursued by the tropic bird, and the albatross ; and when for safety she dropped into the water, she was so fatigued with her flight, that she was less able than ever to escape from her old enemy the fish. Finding herself more unhappy than before, she now begged of Jupiter to recal his present ; but Jupiter said to her, “when I gave you your wings, I well knew they would prove a curse ; but your proud and restless disposition deserved this disappointment. Now, therefore, what you begged as a favour, keep as a punishment !”

THE CONTENTED PEASANT.

ROBINET, a peasant of Lorraine, after a hard day's work at the next market town, was returning home with a basket in his hand. "What a delicious supper shall I have!" said he to himself. "This piece of kid well stewed down, with my onions sliced, thickened with my meal, and seasoned with my salt and pepper, will make a dish fit for the bishop of the diocese. Then I have a good piece of barley loaf at home to finish with. How I long to be at it!"

A noise in the hedge now attracted his notice, and he spied a squirrel running nimbly up a tree, and popping into a hole between the branches. Ha! thought he, what a nice present a nest of young squirrels will be to my little master! I'll try if I can get it. Upon this he set down his basket on the road, and began to climb up the tree. He

had half ascended, when casting a look at his basket, he saw a dog with his nose in it, ferreting out the piece of kid's flesh. He made



all possible speed down, but the dog was too quick for him, and ran off with the meat in his mouth. *Robinet* looked after him. "Well,"

said he, "then I must be content with soup meagre—and no bad thing neither."

He travelled on, and came to a little public-house by the road-side, where an acquaintance of his was sitting on a bench drinking. He invited *Robinet* to take a draught; *Robinet* seated himself by his friend, and set his basket on the bench close by him. A tame raven, which was kept at the house, came slyly behind him, and perching on the basket, stole away the bag in which the meal was tied up, and hopped off with it to his hole. *Robinet* did not perceive the theft till he had got on his way again. He returned to search for his bag, but could hear no tidings of it. "Well," says he, "my soup will be the thinner, but I will boil a slice of bread with it, and that will do it some good at least."

He went on again, and arrived at a little brook, over which was laid a narrow plank. A young woman coming up to pass at the

same time, *Robinet* gallantly offered her his hand. As soon as she was got to the middle, either through fear or sport, she shrieked out, and cried she was falling. *Robinet* hastening to support her with his other hand, let his basket drop into the stream. As soon as she was safe over, he jumped in and recovered it, but when he took it out, he perceived that all the salt was melted, and the pepper washed away. Nothing was now left but the onions. "Well," says *Robinet*, "then I must sup to-night upon roasted onions and barley bread. Last night I had the bread alone. To-morrow morning it will not signify what I had." So saying, he trudged on, singing as before.

Evenings at Home.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.



"It is impossible," says a writer on natural history, "to walk through a village without seeing several mummies of toads, sprawling with extended feet, having been beat flat by stones thrown at them by mischievous boys. Gardeners cut them in two with their spades, or destroy them in some other way ; while every one seems to enjoy the misery which is inflicted on this unfortunate reptile. Were people only to bear in mind that animals were created, not out of caprice, but to be useful to

man, they would refrain from wantonly destroying them." The toad, to be sure, is not one of the prettiest of animals ; that, however, is no reason for stoning or torturing it wherever it makes its appearance. Besides, it does us no harm ; and in a garden it is really of great service. All animals were intended for our use, and there is no harm in our killing such as are mischievous to us ; but we have no business to employ any unnecessary cruelty in putting even them to death.

It is not, however, only ugly or hurtful animals that are tortured by boys. What can be prettier than a butterfly as it spreads its beautiful wings in the sun ? and yet, if it does not save itself by flying rapidly away, some boy will be sure to chase it, knock it down with his hat, pull off its wings, and leave it writhing with pain to die a slow death of dreadful suffering. Some boys, and even some girls, will spend a whole morning

hunting bees and pulling them to pieces ; or catching flies on the window, plucking off their wings and legs, sticking pins through them, and laughing at the poor insects as they twist and tumble about in pain. What animal can be more inoffensive or useful in a house than a cat ? yet, whenever it stirs out of the house, some idle rascals chase it, stone it, or set on a dog to worry it, while they stand looking on and enjoying the animal's sufferings. The chief pleasure of some boys, who live in the country, seems to consist in killing birds and robbing their nests ; chasing the cows and sheep till they are ready to fall down ; lashing the horses, and especially any poor donkey that may fall in their way ; setting all the dogs to fight with each other, or to worry the cats, or to frighten children ; and in making themselves a terror to the neighbourhood.

Now, children who shew such cruelty when they are young, can hardly be expected

to turn very kind and gentle-hearted when they grow up ; nor will they be kind to their brothers and sisters if they delight in inflicting pain upon beasts. A boy who is really kind-hearted will treat every animal with kindness ; and nothing is a more certain mark of a brutal disposition than feeling pleasure in tormenting poor dumb creatures. It is perfect nonsense to say that beasts feel no pain ; we see that they shew all the symptoms of pain which human beings do ; and a horse suffers just as much from a whipping as a boy would do.

How little those children who rejoice in cruelty think of the pleasure they might receive by treating every beast in a kind and gentle manner ! Dogs, cats, rabbits, squirrels, pigeons, and every sort of bird, soon learn to distinguish the hand that feeds them and uses them gently ; and their innocent sports, and playful gratitude, afford a never-ending source of pleasure, far deeper, as well as

purser, than any which can be derived from torturing them. It would be well if all who profess to be our friends were to be as faithfully attached to us as our dogs are ; and if those on whom we bestow favours were to manifest the same gratitude which we can see in the faces of our dumb favourites.



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly set foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path ;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charged perhaps with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, may die :
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so when, held within their proper bounds,
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field :
There they are privileged ; and he that hunts
Or harms them there is guilty of a wrong,
Disturbs the economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this. If man's convenience, health,
Or safety, interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.

Else they are all—the meanest things that are,
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in his Sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defiled in most
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas ! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrained, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
Mercy to him that shews it is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act,
By which heaven moves in pardoning guilty man ;
And he that shews none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.

COWPER.

THE VILLAGE BULLY.

WILLIAM, or, as he was usually called, Billy Jones, was the bully of the village. He was a lazy, hulking boy of twelve ; and you could

see from his ragged clothes, his dirty face, and his careless air, that he was a boy whom it would be difficult to bring to any good. He was still at school ; and the poor teacher, who had kept him simply out of respect to his mother, had no easy job in managing him. He had been sent to a neighbouring farmer's to work for a short time, but he had begun to play some of his usual cruel tricks ; and after a week's trial, the farmer turned him off. Everybody in the village knew Billy, and few liked him. If you wished to see him, you had just to go out after dark, and walk into the middle of the first crowd of boys, and there you would find him, and his constant companion, his dog Jowler, which he had trained up to be as vicious as himself, and which, in spite of constant kicks and blows, seemed warmly attached to its master. Most likely he would be planning some piece of mischief, or giving an account of his exploits during the day, while the little crowd

around him stood listening half in fear, half in admiration of his courage.

“What do you think I did this morning?” said Billy to his playmates. “You know little Frank at the top of the village? well, he has a fine hatchful of rabbits, and he lets them out to run every morning in the garden, and watches them, to keep off all dogs and cats. But I was too cunning for him; I made a hole in the bottom of the hedge, and pushed in Jowler, and he soon seized the biggest of the rabbits, and made short work of it. When Frank turned round, his rabbit was nearly dead; and it was such fun to see it trying to kick Jowler, and Frank running with his old grandmother, crying for his pet rabbit. Wasn’t it such fun, Jowler?” and the dog, seeing that it was taken notice of, wagged its tail, and jumped on its master, who gave it a sound kick on the ribs by way of reward. The boys were not quite unanimous in their opinion of Jowler’s ex-

plot ; and one little fellow even ventured to say that it was a shame to kill Frank's rabbits, after he had been at the pains to build such a nice hatch for them ; but the bully told him that he was a fool for saying so, and followed up his remark with a heavy blow, which sent the boy home crying. Before the crowd broke up, it was agreed that they should set off early the next morning to get some fun, as they called it, in worrying any unhappy animal that fell in their way.

By six o'clock, the bully and four companions met each other, and proceeded, in company with Jowler, to search for sport. They had not gone far when they saw a cat crossing the road, and the dog was at once sent after poor puss. The wretched beast ran homewards, but the door was shut, and the vicious dog seized it and worried it ere it could find shelter. While it lay struggling in the agonies of death, the boys came up, and Billy kicked it up the street a few yards,

and finished by throwing it at the head of a little child who was going for water. On they went, and, leaving the village, they came to the green fields. Some of the boys, unfortunately, knew where there were nests ; and on going to examine them, they found, to their great joy, one in which the young birds had been newly hatched. This was a prize for Billy ; the poor little sparrows were taken out, and, by way of fun, they were set down in the middle of the road, and the hard-hearted boys pelted them with stones, while the unhappy parent birds, with melancholy chirpings, beheld their fate. A mile further on was a field in which some geese were feeding ; these furnished them with capital sport—Jowler was set to chase them ; and the malicious boys shouted with joy as the dog every now and then seized some unlucky goose, and pulled out great mouthfuls of feathers.

In their zeal for fun, they did not notice

the farmer, who was coming behind them with a switch in his hand. Just as Billy was calling out to encourage Jowler, the farmer came up, seized him by the jacket, and before he knew well what was coming, laid him on the ground, and beat him till every bone in his body ached. His companions made off as fast as they could ; and Jowler, who had come up to defend his unworthy master, received a cut which sent him home howling. When the farmer was tired, he let Billy rise, and after telling him that he would horsewhip him and duck him in the pond if ever he came back, he gave him a parting kick and let him off. . The crestfallen Billy sneaked away home, and, after a short breakfast, crawled off very unwillingly to school. He was late ; and when he entered he saw there was something wrong. He was not long left in suspense ; on casting a side-long look at the master's chair, he saw lying below it the identical cat which he had

worried in the morning. Billy began to quake, for, bully though he was, he was afraid of the master. His teacher never punished except for such offences as quarrelling or cruelty to animals, and then he punished without mercy. He did not leave Billy long to himself; the cowardly bully had nothing to say for himself, and the teacher, taking up his cane, beat him till his howling might have been heard half way down the street. "You have been too long here, sir," he said, when he had finished; "a ferocious boy like you can do nothing but harm to others; take your books and begone; and remember, boys," he added, addressing the others, "I forbid any of you to speak to him; if he comes near the playground, stone him out of it, and never have anything to do with a boy who takes pleasure in inflicting pain on in-offensive animals."

PERSEVERANCE.

SOMETIMES when we are walking by the sea-side, we find stones which have been worn quite smooth, or eaten into fantastic shapes, by the constant action of the water. If the waves were to dash but once upon the rocks, however violently, they would produce no effect ; but their continual motion, although quite gentle, in the course of time wears away even the very hardest stones. Now, this ought to remind us of the value of perseverance. Nothing seems more unlikely than that such a soft substance as water should be able to hollow out the stubborn rock. And yet we see that it is done ; and things just as unlikely have been done by perseverance.

It is not by making one tremendous effort that we will usually succeed in performing any difficult task ; but by steadily persevering to make one effort after another, till every

difficulty vanishes. We often hear boys and girls say that their lessons are too difficult, and that they are not so clever as others who learn them ; but if we were to inquire, we should very likely find that they had given up after one trial, whilst the others tried again and again, and never rested till they had succeeded. It is no doubt true that some young people are cleverer than others, but it is perseverance that makes the great difference ; and a slow boy, if he perseveres, will in the long run beat a clever one who trusts to his ability alone. Everybody has heard of the race between the greyhound and the tortoise, in which the lazy tortoise, by slow, steady effort, defeated the fleet greyhound. There is hardly any difficulty which perseverance is not able to overcome. Poor boys, whose parents could not afford to send them to school, have been known to learn to read from the letters on the gravestones in the churchyards, and

have afterwards become wise and learned men. Richard Arkwright kept a small barber's shop, but being an ingenious man, he kept thinking of a plan for spinning cotton by machinery ; and after many failures, he succeeded, and lived to be one of the richest men in England. Palissy tried long to find out how to make china figures that could be baked in the kiln without falling to pieces, and for many years he was always unsuccessful ; but he determined not to give in, and at last he succeeded, and made his fortune. Ferguson, when watching his sheep in the fields, learned, by perseverance and patience, to be an astronomer, and to know all the stars and constellations. There is a large book full of the accounts of men and women who have persevered in spite of many difficulties, till they arrived at fame, or fortune, or learning.

There is no reason why we should not do anything that others have done. It may

take some time to learn what is difficult, and if we are not very clever, we may have to try much oftener than others have ; but we will be sure to succeed if we just try often enough. We see no difference when the wave has washed once over a rock, nor even when it has washed over it a thousand times ; and yet we know that by and bye it will wear it away. Besides, we have already learned a great deal by our perseverance. It needed a good many trials before we could walk alone. If any one had told us when we were three years old that before we were eight, we would have to learn and pronounce, and know the meaning of two or three thousand words, and to name hundreds of different objects, we might have thought such a task (if we knew rightly what it was) to be impossible ; and yet every child of eight has done it, just by doing a little at a time, and every other difficulty may be overcome in the same way.

Over the fire-place, in a school in the west of Scotland, there used to hang a board with two words printed on it in large letters, TRY AGAIN. The teacher brought up a great number of men who afterwards became famous ; and they all ascribed their success to the two words which they had so often seen, and which they never forgot.

THE BOY WHO WAS NOT CLEVER.

“PRAY, Charles,” said little Oliver to his friend Charles Howard, “do you think *I* shall ever be able to write essays ?”

“To be sure,” said Howard ; “why not ?”

“Ah !” said Oliver, with a sigh, “because I’ve got no genius, you know.”

“But,” said Howard, “have you not found out that you can do a great many things that you thought you could not do ?”

“Ay, thank you for that ; but then, you

know, those are the sort of things which can be done without genius."

"And what are the things," replied Howard, "which cannot be done without genius?"

"O! a great, *great* many, I believe," said Oliver.

"Well, let us hear them. Do you mean such things as buckling your shoes, or putting on your hat?"

Oliver laughed at this, and said, "These, to be sure, can be done without any genius; but then there are other things which I am sure I could not do, because I am not clever. For example, there is writing letters. I never can write a letter, and yet I have often tried; but you see I have no genius for it."

"Why," said Howard; "how did you manage?"

"Oh! very badly," said Oliver. "My uncle asked me to write every fortnight; but I can never make out a letter; and if I

sit thinking and thinking for ever so long, I can find nothing to say. I used to ask somebody to tell me how to begin ; but then, when I have got over the beginning, it is only three or four lines, and however wide I write them they won't make a whole letter, and what can I put in the middle ? There's nothing but that *I am well, and hope you are all well ;* or else, *I am learning Latin, dear uncle, as you desired me.* The end I can manage well enough ; I can say that *the post is just going,* and that *I send duty to everybody, and I am your dutiful and affectionate nephew.* But then this is all nonsense, and I am quite ashamed of my letters. Now, when you begin to write, your pen goes scratch, scratch, scratch, without ever stopping, and you have a nice letter half done while I am writing *My dear Uncle John.* But, you see, I am not clever, and I shall never be able to write letters."

"Well, Oliver," said his companion, "do

you know that I used to say the same to my aunt, when she asked me to write to her. But she told me just to write when I had something to say ; and after a few trials, I found I could write a nice long letter with very little trouble. And you remember what a nice long letter you wrote last Christmas about the snowballing match ; so you see you can write a nice letter too, when you have something to say."

"And do you think, then," said Oliver, beginning to look a little brighter, "that I will ever be able to write essays, when I get older?"

"To be sure you will," answered Howard. "Don't you recollect last year you began to learn Latin, and you told me you thought you would never understand it, because you were not clever ; but you persevered, and now you can say the declensions as well as I can?"

"Not quite," said Oliver ; "but I must

thank you for that. If you had not kept me up, I should have given in, and never learned Latin."

"But you must never give in," his companion rejoined; "*try again*, as my aunt says to me when I am disheartened. I remember when I began to learn decimal fractions, I thought I should never understand them, and I sat and cried for hours over them; but I tried and tried, again and again, and now I sometimes laugh at myself for thinking them difficult."

"Well, I thought you never found anything difficult; but I see it is not only because you are clever that you get on, but because you try so hard. I am sure I should never have done even so well as I have done, had you not encouraged me to persevere; and I hope I shall always try to do my best."

Little Oliver did try his best; and in a year or two he was the best scholar in the school. He was a great favourite with the

younger boys, who all admired him because he was so clever, and loved him because he was so willing to help them. He never forgot Howard's advice ; and when any boy asked the secret of his great ability, he used with an arch look, to whisper in his ear, *Try again.*

Adapted from MISS EDGEWORTH.

WHEN TO HOLD OUR TONGUES.

SOLOMON, the wisest of men, tells us that *there is a time to speak, and a time to keep silence.* Now we often meet with little boys, and still oftener with little girls, who do not seem to agree with Solomon ; and who act as if they thought there never was a time to keep silence. Their tongue is never still, but they chatter on from morning to night wherever they are. If we were to tell them, as Solomon has told us, that there is a time to keep

silence, they would very likely ask us, *when* was the time to keep silence, and it would not be very difficult to answer their question.

One time to keep silence is, when our parents or teachers tell us to do so. If we constantly talk at home we are sure to disturb our parents; and to talk at all in school, except when the teacher asks or allows us to, do so, must occasion annoyance, and both prevent ourselves from making improvement, and keep our school-fellows from attending to their lessons.

Another time to be silent is, when we have got nothing to say, or nothing worth saying. We might fancy that those boys and girls who are always speaking, have a great deal to tell their neighbours; and they look as grave during their talk as if what they were saying were of immense importance. But if we listen to them for a few minutes we will soon find out our mistake; the boy or girl

might tell in two sentences all that they have got to say about the wonderful boat that he is rigging, or the beautiful doll that she is dressing ; but they love to be talking, and so they gabble on, saying the same thing twenty times over, till every one is tired listening to them.

Another time to be silent is, when other people are speaking, or wish to speak. Nobody has any business to keep all the speaking to himself ; and it is always considered a piece of very bad manners in any boy or girl to speak when others are speaking. Those who are in the habit of speaking without ceasing seem never to consider that others have as good a right to talk, and amuse the company, as they have ; and that it is not only rude to keep others from joining in the conversation, but that they prevent others from speaking to whom people would much rather listen than to them. How very much annoyed we should feel, if, when any clever

man was sitting beside us, or any lady who has travelled in many countries, and we were listening with great delight to their conversation, some conceited boy or some chattering girl were to break in, and spoil everything with foolish talk ! Those who are constantly talking are seldom very wise ; for it is by listening, and not by speaking, that we learn ; and it is very bad that we should be kept from getting knowledge because they cannot keep silence.

There are, besides, two very good reasons for not indulging too much in talk. Both of these reasons are mentioned by the same Solomon who has said, there is a time to keep silent. The first is, that those who speak a great deal are sure only to make their own folly more apparent to everybody ; for, as Solomon says, "A fool's voice is known by the multitude of words." So long as people remain quiet, they may conceal their ignorance ; but when they begin to talk, then

every one will see it, and laugh at their conceit and folly. The other reason is, that those who talk much often say what they ought not to say : they give offence to others, and hurt their feelings by rash words ; or they say what is untrue or improper ; or they talk mischievously, and injure the character of others. This is what Solomon means when he says, "In the multitude of words their wanteth not sin." It is so difficult to speak much without saying something foolish, or something wrong, that all wise people will think often of the Wise Man's words, "There is a time to keep silent."

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chesnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;

And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among the boys ;

He hears the parson pray and preach,
And hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand, he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling ; rejoicing ; sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought !

LONGFELLOW.

CLEANLINESS.

AN old-fashioned proverb says that *cleanliness is next to godliness*. It is not quite easy to understand exactly what those persons meant who made this proverb ; but they no doubt intended to say that cleanliness was a matter of very great importance. We often hear people speak as if the only benefit of cleanliness was that it made boys and girls look tidier, and more like their neighbours. And no doubt a clean face is a great improvement ; and even the prettiest boy or girl would disgust us a little, if they shewed themselves with dirty faces or hands. But this is a very trifling view of the good consequences of cleanliness. Doctors tell us that the whole of our skin is covered over with pores, so very small that we cannot see them without the use of a magnifying glass. It is very difficult to count them as they are

so minute, but people who know a great deal about such matters say, that in the palm of the hand of a little boy or girl of ten years old, there are more than *twelve thousand* of these pores.

If we ask the doctors the use of these small openings, they will tell us that through them the body is purified and kept healthy, and that if we allow them to get clogged up, some injury will follow. Now, nothing is so ready to clog them up as dirt ; and nothing is better for keeping them all free and in healthy action than washing ourselves well. There are a great many diseases to which our skin is subject—all of them very unpleasant, many of them even disgusting to look at, and some of them even dangerous to our lives. All these diseases are occasioned by want of cleanliness, and can be prevented, and sometimes cured, by the simplest of all medicine, washing ourselves with water, and rubbing ourselves well with a good hard towel.

We must remember, also, that these pores, which it is so important to keep free, are not confined to our faces, and hands, and necks, but are to be found over our whole bodies ; and therefore it is not enough merely to wash those portions which are seen ; we ought frequently to bathe the whole of our bodies. It is very easy to get to the seaside from most places, and even where this is difficult, a cold bath can be readily procured. At all events, water is plentiful everywhere, and no one who values his health ought to neglect any means of securing perfect cleanliness.

Nor is it enough merely to keep our skin clean. We should use equal care to keep our clothes clean, our houses clean, and our school-room clean. We know what a trouble it is for our parents to wash our clothes, and to keep the house from getting dirtied, and we should use every means to help them. But besides the trouble that we occasion by

dirtying our clothes, and going into rooms without cleaning our dirty shoes, it is just as unhealthy to allow dirt to gather about rooms as to allow it to close up the pores of our skin. The particles of dust that we see floating about in a room are drawn in, through our mouth and nose, into our stomach and windpipe, and produce mischief there. Boys and girls, when set to clean a house or a garden, often throw out all sorts of rubbish into some corner, and leave it to gather there and gradually to rot away. Now, this may not do much harm in a country-place, where there is plenty of open air ; but if such a thing be done in a town, it is certain to lead to bad results. It is this collection of rubbish and filth that occasions so many fevers and other pestilential diseases in places where it is allowed to gather ; and as these diseases, such as cholera and typhus fever, often kill great numbers of people, those who are dirty in their habits are doing as much

harm to their neighbours as if they were to put poison in the water which they drink. It is quite shocking to know that in large towns more than half of the people who die may be said to be killed, for they die of diseases which might be prevented by proper attention to the ordinary rules for preserving health, of which cleanliness is admitted by all to be the easiest and most important.*

SMITH AND BROWN, OR THE ADVANTAGE OF CLEANLINESS.

JOHN SMITH'S house was undoubtedly the dirtiest in the village. Go into it when you liked, you would never find a chair to sit down on, or see any appearance of order and cleanliness. Everything looked dingy and

* In London, of 27 deaths, 16 are from preventable causes ; in Manchester, of 34 deaths, 22, and in Liverpool, of 37 deaths, 25 are from preventable causes.

miserable ; the furniture was plashed over with dirt ; long strings of cobwebs hung on the walls ; you could scarcely see for the smoke ; and the windows, which were seldom cleaned, hardly admitted any light. The place, to tell the truth, had not a very pleasant smell, and if you rushed out in a hurry to get a breath of the fresh air, you ran a risk of stumbling against the dungheap, which ornamented one side of the door, or of splashing into the pool of dirty stagnant water which occupied the place where a broad flagstone should have been. It was difficult to see why everything should be so dirty. John had only two children, a boy of twelve, and a girl a few years older ; and his wife, with their aid, might have kept everything clean. But so it was, nothing was clean. John himself was aware that things were not as they ought to be ; and he could not help confessing that there was a sad difference between *his* house and that of his neighbour

Brown, who lived just over the way, and whose house, though he had a large family, was so clean that, as everybody said, you might eat your dinner off the floor. Brown's house was quite a picture of comfort inside and out ; and many a stranger stopped to admire it, and to praise its tidy mistress.

"What an unlucky fellow I am," said Smith one day to Brown ; "here is my wife taken ill again with the fever, and it is only a month since I was able to be up myself ; and what with medicines, and doctors' bills, and want of my wages, it will be a year before I get out of debt. I never heard of any one so unlucky as I am."

"Now, don't be angry, neighbour," said Brown, "but are you sure that your bad luck is not partly your own fault ?"

"You don't mean to say that I could help my wife falling ill, do you ?" returned Smith.

"Well, perhaps you might. You know

that dungheap under your window has a nasty smell ; and the dirty puddle before your door is horrid in such warm weather as this ; and besides, your piggery is right behind the house, and you can smell it in your bedroom ; and all that must be very bad for the health."

"So the doctor said ; but you know I think all this newfangled outcry about cleanliness is for rich people, and not for a working-man like me. My father and mother lived just in such a cottage as mine, and they had a large family."

"That is true enough," answered Brown ; "and, except yourself, they all died of fever when they were young. But, my good neighbour, if cleanliness makes us healthy, the poor have more need to be cleanly than the rich ; for we poor people can only work when we are in good health, and *no work, no wages*, you know. You laughed at me for spending my money in putting in larger windows in my

house, and building a nice clean dairy, and erecting a byre and piggery away from the house in the back of the garden. It took all my money at the time ; but I have been well paid for it since. Why, I daresay you pay as much to the doctor in a year as my dairy cost me. My children have seldom been ill. I have never been away from work from ill health a single day these ten years ; and you were away five weeks a short time ago, from a fever which the doctor told you came from bad drainage. Your illness would cost you five weeks' wages, at twelve shillings a week, and ten shillings to the doctor, that is three pounds ten shillings ; and laying down a drain would not cost more than fifteen shillings."

"I never thought of that, neighbour," Smith remarked ; "I always thought it was you and your cleanliness that spent money ; and it is very true, I see, that I have been losing far more than any improvements will

cost. Just last year, my two poor boys died of the fever, and it cost me six pounds to bury them ; and all that might have been saved if I had laid out two pounds in cleaning and repairs."

"Yes, Brown, and more than that. You know your wife's butter does not keep, and she never gets more than sixpence a pound for it, and my wife sometimes gets elevenpence ; and all that just because our dairy is sweet, clean, and well aired, and yours is choked up and dirty."

"Well, neighbour," replied Smith, "I see you are in the right. Cleanliness is the best plan even for the poor, and the cheapest and least troublesome in the end. Do you know, I have been thinking you were right ever since my girl Sally was turned away from the parsonage. I never told you what it was for ; but the rector's lady called to see me one day. 'Well, Smith,' she said, 'we have tried your Sally for a month, and should

have been very glad to keep her ; but the plain truth is, she is so dirty that she will never do in my house. I think, if you are a wise man, you will try to improve, and follow the example of your neighbour Brown.' These were her very words, and I am seriously thinking to take her advice."

"You could not do better than do so," Brown returned ; "and I'll make a bargain with you, neighbour. When your wife gets better, I will come over in the evenings after work, and will help you to clean away that dungheap and put things straight outside ; and my wife will drop in to-morrow, and shew Sally how to put things in order inside ; and I'll lend you five sovereigns till the end of the year."

"Thank ye, Brown," said Smith, "God bless you for that."

Smith tried the plans of his neighbour, and with the same success ; his house put on an improved appearance ; fever was no

longer a constant visitor ; the dungheap disappeared, and the puddle was swept away ; Mrs. Smith's butter was no longer sold for sixpence, and Sally was again tried at the vicarage to the rector's satisfaction ; and in a few years Smith had not only paid his neighbour's loan but had begun to keep an account at the Saving's Bank. He is fond of a joke, and he sometimes tells his old friend the doctor, that he has been much benefited by his two new doctors, *Fresh Air* and *Cold Water*.

POLITENESS.

WE learn in our catechism that part of our duty to our neighbour is, "to order ourselves lowly and reverently to all our betters." And we read in our Bibles that we should "give honour to those to whom honour is due." The proper way of shewing respect

is different in different countries and towns ; but those who wish to do their duty properly, will be sure to learn it and to practise it carefully. Some people talk as if good manners were a great bother ; and some even seem to think that it is more manly to be rude and shew bad manners, forgetting altogether that politeness is a duty which we are bound to discharge, and not a piece of fashion which we are at liberty to observe or not as we please. The best way to learn to be polite is, to take for our example those who are considered well-bred. If we watch them we shall find that they always speak in a courteous way to each other ; that they take care to avoid saying anything that would give offence to any one in the company ; and that their great object is to make every one who is beside them feel quite at ease. Some people say that this is all sham and a sort of hypocrisy, and that we should always speak out what we think in the

strongest language, and without regard to time or place or any one's feelings. But if we were to act in this way, others would have just as good a right to act in the same manner towards us, and we can easily fancy what would be the result. If people were to call one another liars, or cheats, or hypocrites ; if every one were to look out for himself alone, to get for himself the best seat, to help himself first at meat, and shew no politeness to any one, in a very short time hard words would come to hard blows, and all society would come to an end. Now all these disagreeable consequences are prevented by politeness. It is considered a mark of good-breeding, to speak civilly even when we differ from people ; to help others before we help ourselves, and to keep ourselves in some restraint that we may give no offence to those with whom we meet. The manners of society may often vary, but any one whose wish is to please those in

whose company he is, will be very certain not to offend against good manners.

But besides being polite to our superiors, and to our equals, we ought also to act in a proper manner to our inferiors. Our servants are bound to obey and respect us, but we are also bound to shew civility to them, not domineering over them, or talking or acting in a haughty tyrannical manner as if we wished to make them feel how very much a servant is inferior to a young gentleman or a young lady. Such conduct is not only very foolish and wrong, but is a sure sign of bad education and rude manners.

Politeness will be found of great service to us in life. Many poor boys and girls have owed all their success to their having been polite to some strangers who had the means of advancing them ; and a boy or girl who should answer rudely, will not be very likely to make many friends in the world. We are constantly meeting with strangers,

and if we shew them that we are polite and well-mannered, they will be ready enough to help us. When we grow up, we shall have to mix with many people, and as they cannot all know much of our character or abilities, they will be more likely to judge of us from our manners than from anything else. We must, however, guard against carrying politeness to such an extent as to change it into anything like fawning or cringing. We must never sacrifice truth to politeness ; nor must we try to please by pretending to agree with everything that is said to us, whether we believe it or not. No character can be more contemptible than that of a boy or girl who seeks to please everybody by listening to every one's tale, and flattering every one. Such persons usually end in pleasing nobody, for their mean flattery is sure to be found out, and every one despises them.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

It is a very useful thing always to have our wits about us. So many accidents happen, and they come so suddenly, that if we are not ready we may meet with a misfortune ourselves, or see it come upon others, before we have thought how to avoid it or how to remedy it. Even in our lessons at school, it is a useful thing to have our mind always prepared, so that when any unexpected question is put we shall have the answer ready at once. And much more useful is it in cases where our own life, or health, or property, or comfort, or that of others, is concerned. Sometimes we see people who, when any danger comes on them, seem to lose all power of thinking what is best to be done; they get so much excited, that they forget what they have been often told to do as the easiest means of saving themselves, and

are perhaps very much injured, or lose their lives in consequence.

Now it is not very easy to keep quiet and collected in the midst of danger, but unless we do so there is very little chance of our escaping. A great deal depends on our natural disposition ; some people are very nervous, and easily excited, when others are quite cool and not in the least disturbed. But even those who are nervous can do much to cure themselves of their nervousness, if they just make an effort with vigour. We have often noticed that, if we wish to get up much earlier than usual in the morning, we can awake ourselves at the proper time ; and this shews how much we can govern ourselves if we just make up our minds to try. We should just say to ourselves, " If ever we get into any danger, then we will make the danger a great deal more serious by allowing ourselves to be flurried and nervous ; but if we keep cool we shall be able to

see any means of escape, and to avail ourselves of it." By impressing this on our minds we may do a great deal to form a habit of presence of mind.

It is very useful to know how to prevent certain kinds of danger which commonly occur. If we should fall into the water, the best plan is to keep as quiet as possible, and to draw in our breath as much as we can ; if we splash about we are sure to sink, if we keep quiet we will float and some one may pull us out. If our clothes catch fire, we should roll ourselves on the ground, for this will keep them from burning, or if we could wrap a rug or top-coat round us, then the flames would soon be put out ; but if we stand they will blaze, or if we run they will blaze still more, and soon burn us to death. There are many other directions which will be of use to us in danger, but we must remember that nothing will be of service unless we try to cultivate *presence of mind* ; for

without it we shall either forget all that we have been told, or be too much excited to make a use of any advice, however useful.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

MRS. F. one day having occasion to be bled, sent for the surgeon. As soon as he entered the room, her daughter Eliza started up, and was going away, when her mother called her back

Mrs. F.—Eliza, do not go, I want you to stay by me.

Eliza.—Dear mamma ! I can never bear to see you bled.

Mrs. F.—Why not ? what harm will it do you ?

Eliza.—Oh dear ! I cannot look at blood. Besides, I cannot bear to see you hurt, mamma !

Mrs. F.—Oh, if I can bear to feel it,

surely you may see it. But come, you *must* stay, and we will talk about it afterwards.

Eliza, then, pale and trembling, stood by her mother, and saw the whole operation. She could not help, however, turning her head away when the incision was made ; and the first flow of blood made her start and shudder. When all was over, and the surgeon gone, Mrs. F. began—

“ Well, Eliza, what do you think of this mighty matter now ? Would it not have been very foolish to have run away from it ? ”

E.—But why should I stay to see it ? I could do you no good.

Mrs. F.—Perhaps not ; but it will do you good to be accustomed to such sights.

E.—Why, mamma ?

Mrs. F.—Because cases are every day happening in which it is our duty to assist our fellow-creatures in pain and distress ; and if we should indulge a feeling of reluc-

tance to come near them in such circumstances, we should never acquire either knowledge or presence of mind necessary to aid them.

E.—But if I were told how to help them, could I not remember without being used to see them ?

Mrs. F.—No ; we have all naturally a horror at anything which gives pain or distress to ourselves and others ; and nothing but habit can give us presence of mind necessary to employ our knowledge to the best advantage.

E.—What is *presence of mind*, mamma ?

Mrs. F.—It is that steady self-possession which prevents us from being flurried in cases of alarm. It is having all our wits about us ; and is a most inestimable quality, for without it, we are likely to run into danger to avoid it. You remember when your cousin Mary's cap took fire in the candle ?

E.—Yes ; very well.

Mrs. F.—Well ; the maid, when she saw it, set up a great scream, and ran out of the room, and Mary might have been burnt to death for any assistance she could give her.

E.—How foolish that was !

Mrs. F.—Yes ; the girl had not the least presence of mind, and was quite useless. But as soon as your aunt came up, she took the right method for preventing the mischief. The cap was too much on fire to be pulled off, so she whipped a quilt from the bed and flung it round Mary's head, and thus stifled the flame.

E.—Mary was a good deal scorched, though.

Mrs. F.—Yes ; but it was very well that it was no worse. If the maid, however, had acted with any sense at first, no harm at all would have been done except burning the cap. I remember a much more fatal example of the want of presence of mind. The mistress of a family was awakened by flames

bursting through the wainscot into her chamber. She flew to the staircase ; and in her confusion, instead of going up-stairs to call her children, who slept together in the nursery overhead, and who might have all escaped by the top of the house, she ran down, and with much danger made way through the fire into the street. When she had got there, the thought of her poor children rushed into her mind, but it was too late. The stairs had caught fire, so that nobody could get near them, and they were burned in their beds.

E.—What a sad thing !

Mrs. F.—Sad indeed ! Now I will tell you of a different conduct. A lady was awakened by the crackling of fire, and saw it shining under her chamber door. Her husband would immediately have opened the door, but she prevented him, since the smoke and flame would then have burst in upon them. The children, with a maid, slept in a room opening out of theirs. She went and

awakened them ; and tying together the sheets and blankets, she sent down the maid from the window first, and then let down the children one by one to her. Last of all she descended herself. A few minutes after, the floor fell in, and all the house was in flames.

E.—What a happy escape !

Mrs. F.—Yes, and all owing to her presence of mind. Had she allowed herself to get excited, in a few minutes all escape would have been impossible. Now, some are naturally more easily excited than others, but presence of mind is a habit which can be formed in all, by taking the same pains which we find to be necessary in forming any other good and useful habit.

Altered from Evenings at Home.





